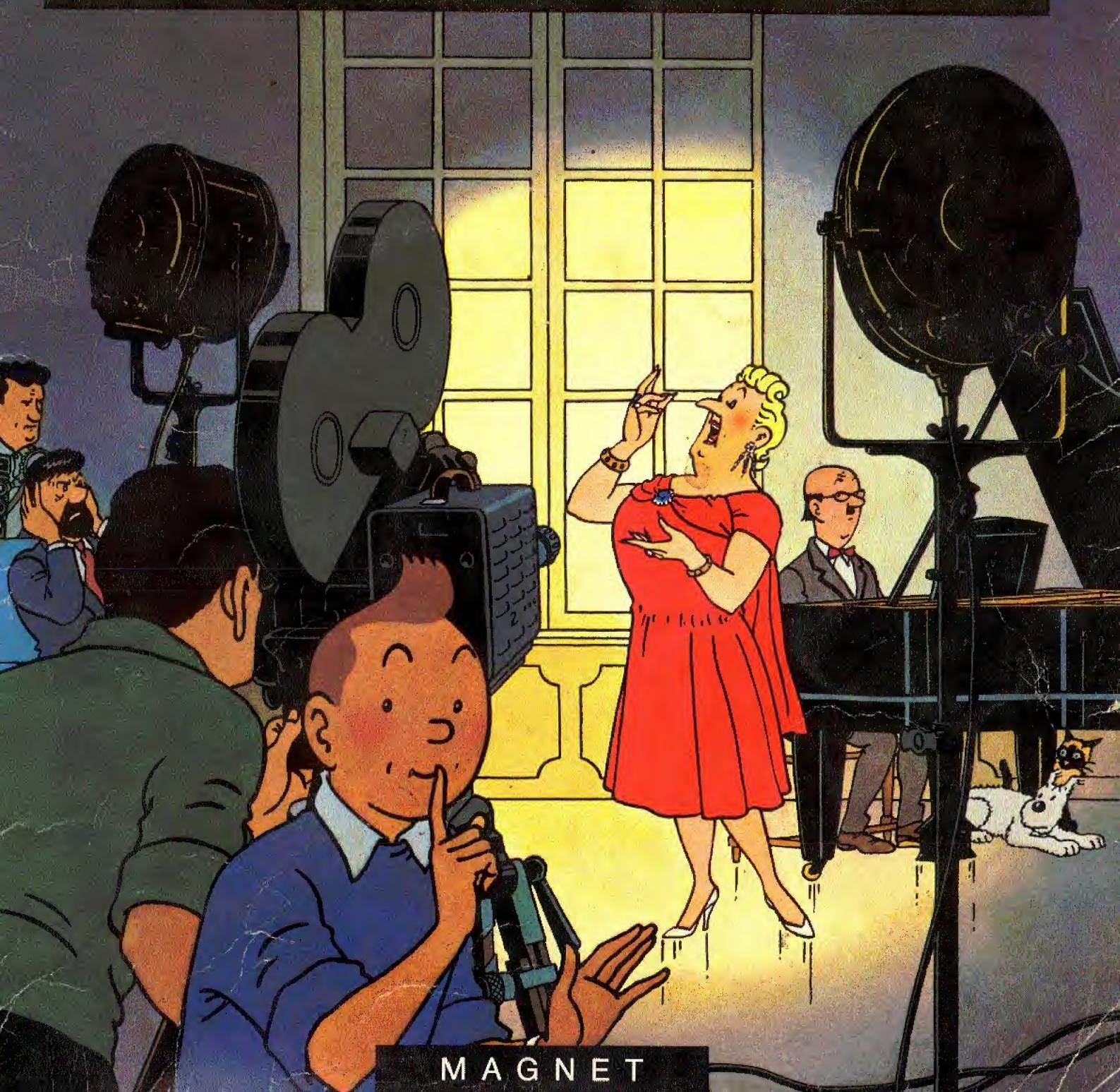


HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD



MAGNET

4.00

HERGÉ

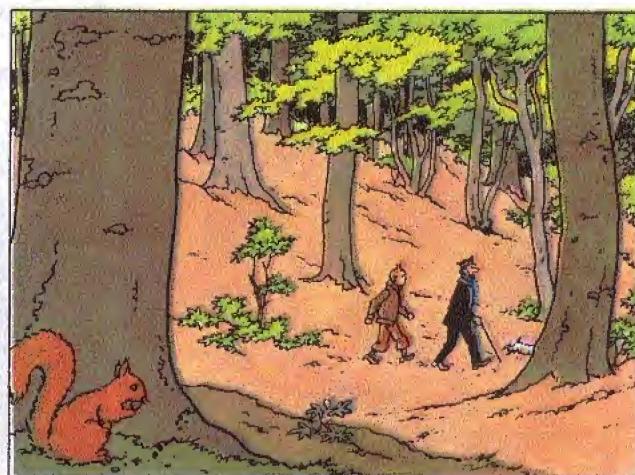
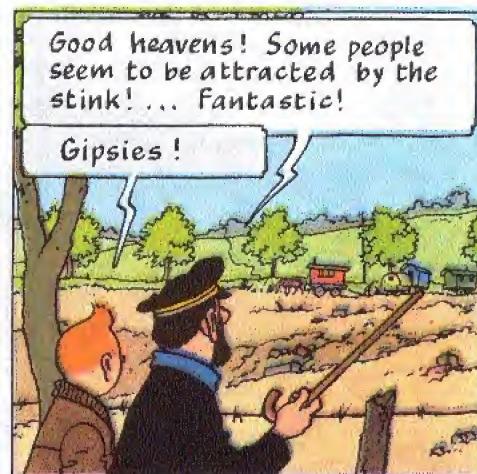
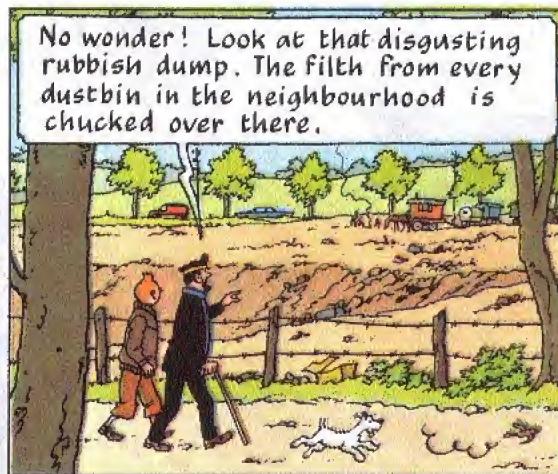
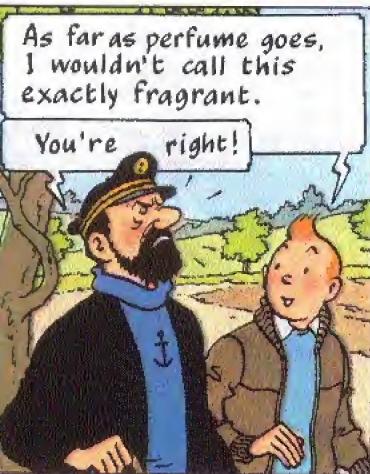
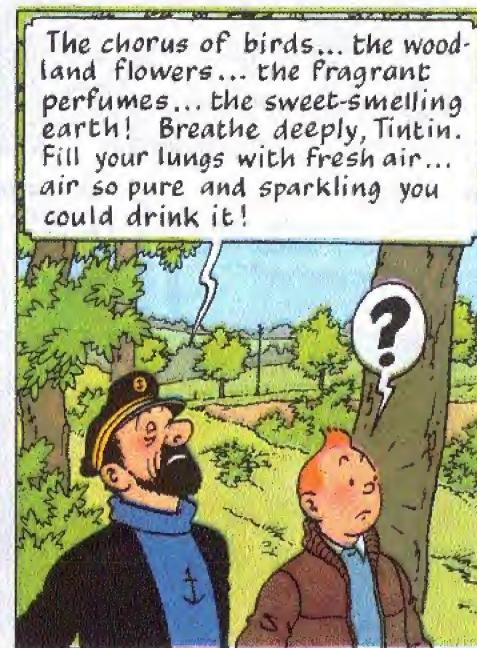
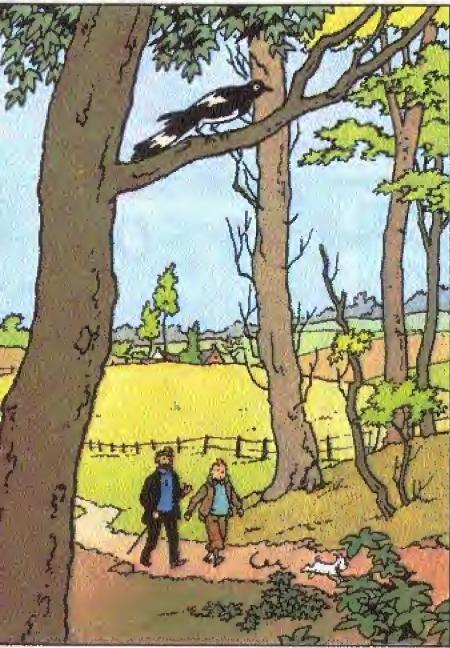
THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

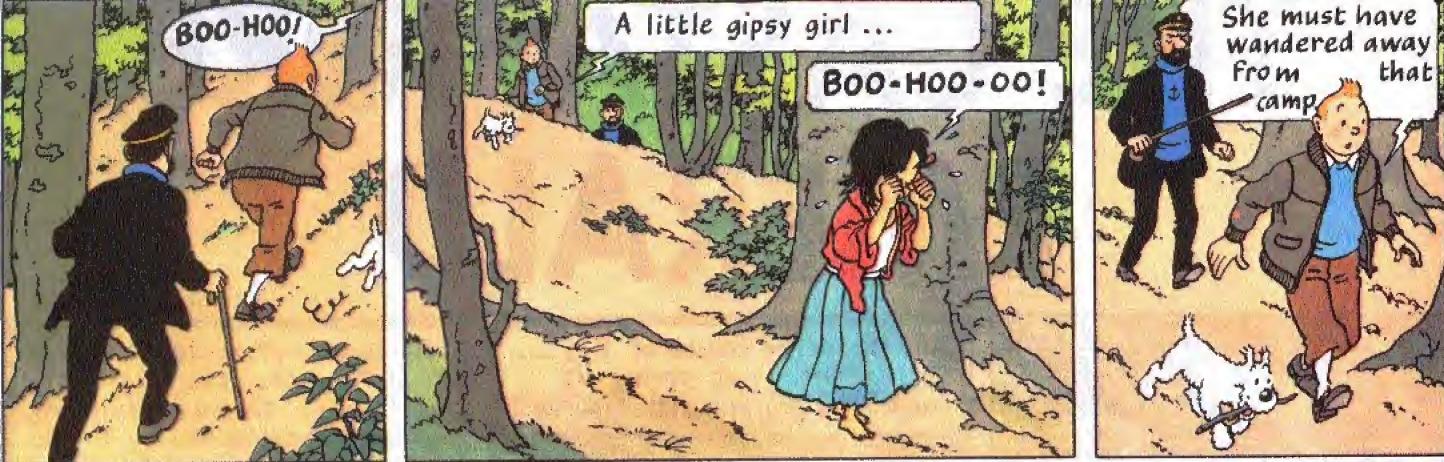
THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD

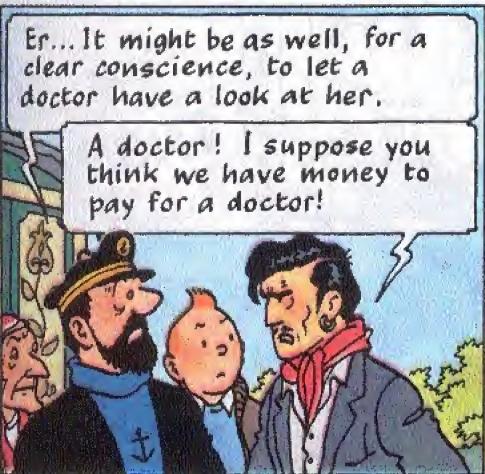
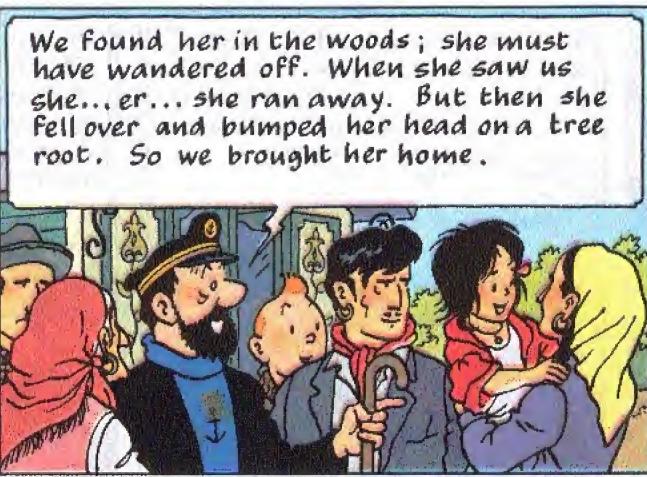
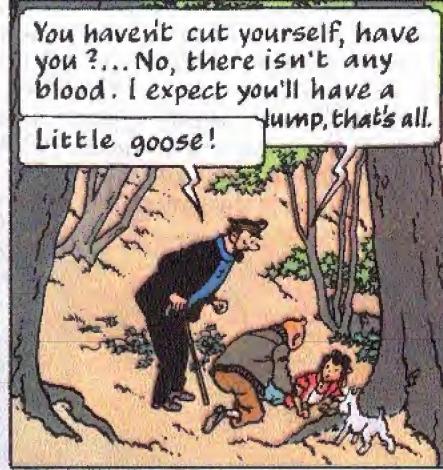
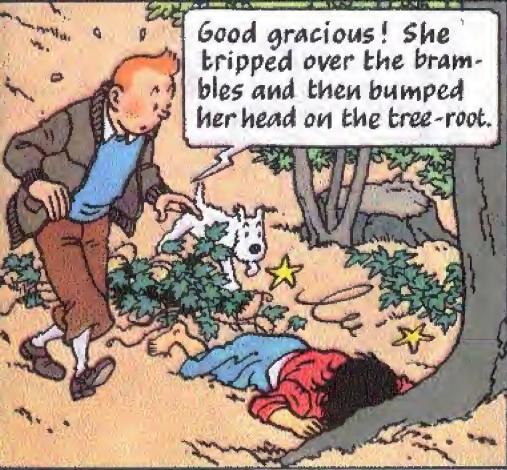


A MAGNET BOOK

THE CASTAFIORE EMERALD







Trouble!

Well, if that's all you can see, I can tell your fortune, too!

You must be careful... otherwise I see an accident... But not serious... I see you in a carriage... AAAH! A beautiful stranger approaches... She is coming to visit you... AAAH! She has wonderful jewels, and... OOH!... A terrible disaster...

The jewels are gone... vanished!... stolen! You cross my palm with silver and I tell you many more things.

No, no! That's enough! Let go of my hand!



Just a little silver... otherwise you will suffer great misfortune!
... The jewels will disappear!

Me too!... That's enough mumbo-jumbo for one day.

Well, goodbye, and take care of that little cherub. But if you take my advice, you'll camp somewhere else, and not on this rubbish-dump... In the first place, it's unhealthy...

D'you think we're here because we like it? D'you imagine we enjoy living surrounded by filth?

You mean...



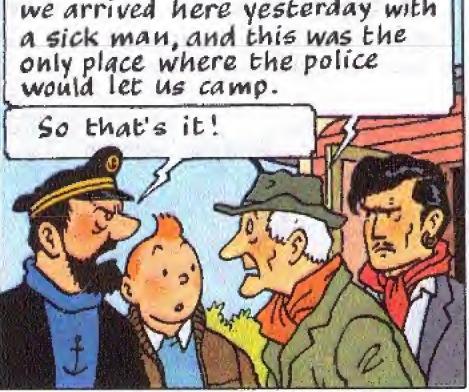
Quiet, Mike, let me talk to this gajo.

Me, a gajo?

That's what we call anyone who isn't a Romany... Listen, we arrived here yesterday with a sick man, and this was the only place where the police would let us camp.

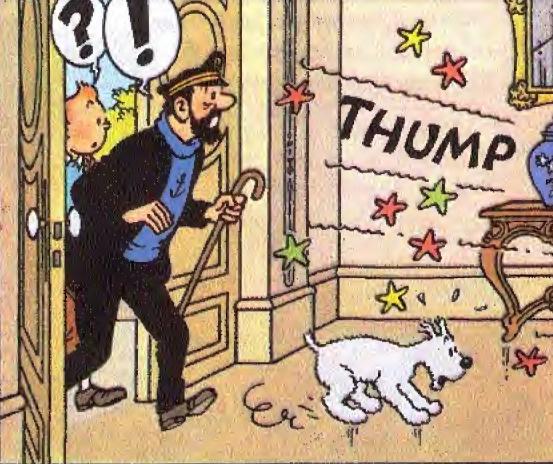
So that's it!

Blistering barnacles! Now, just you listen to me. You're not staying here!... There's a large meadow near the Hall, beside a stream. You can move in there whenever you like.



Making people live on a dung-heap like this. It's revolting!

I'm glad you could help them.





Castafore? ... Tomorrow? ... Here?? You're pulling my leg!!!

Read it yourself.

My dear young Tintin, it is so long since ... blablabla... two recitals in your country ... blablabla... escape from the press... blablabla... May your simple and unaffected friend (not half!) invite herself to Marlinspike Hall? ... blabla-bla... I shall arrive on the 17th... What?"

Castafore?!! ... Here?! ... Cataclysm! Calamity! Catastrophe!

Er... there's a little postscript for you...

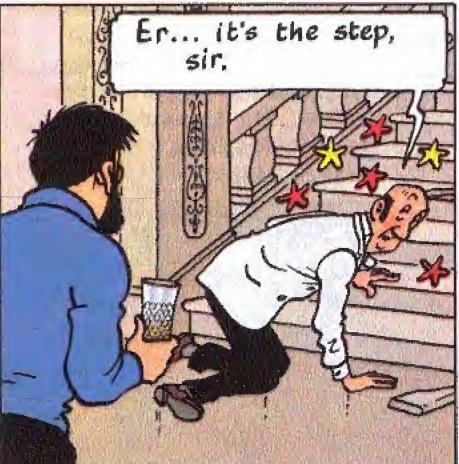
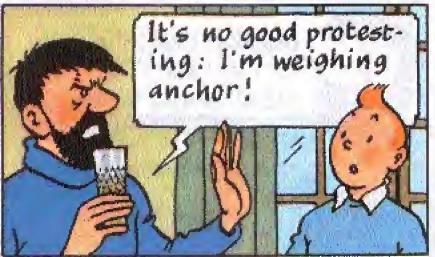


NESTOR!



Nestor, pack my bags this instant! I must be out of this house in an hour!

Very good... sir...



But, thundering typhoons, you knew the step was broken! ... I've made myself hoarse reminding you about it!



I'll go. You get on with my packing.

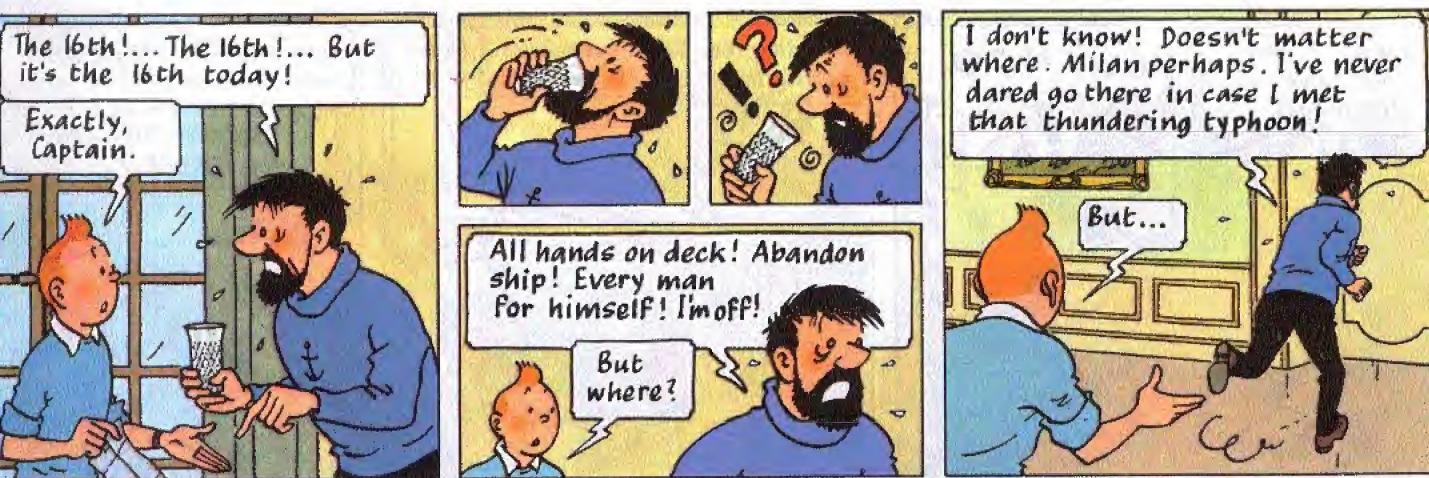
Pity he's going; the fur would really fly with Castafiore here

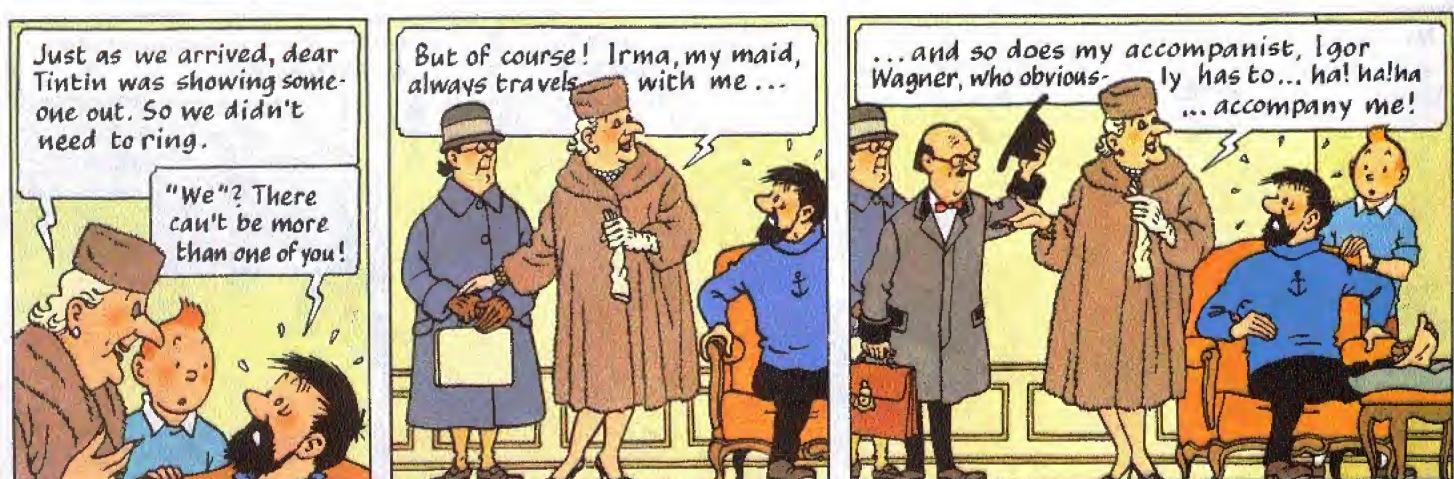
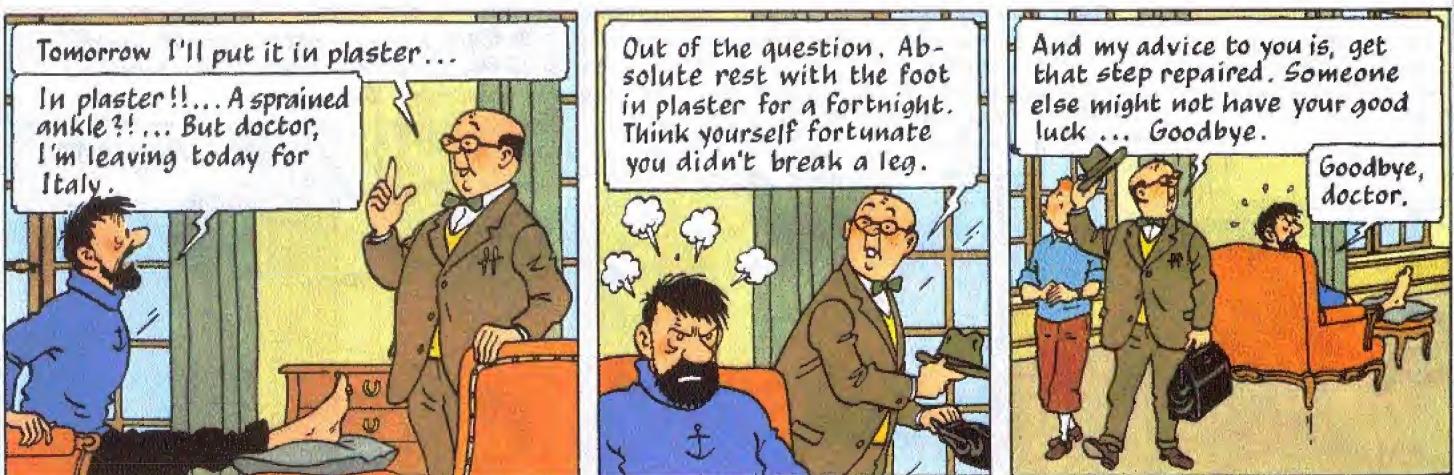
A telegram for you Tintin. Who knows: perhaps Bianca Cataclysm is held up.

Well?

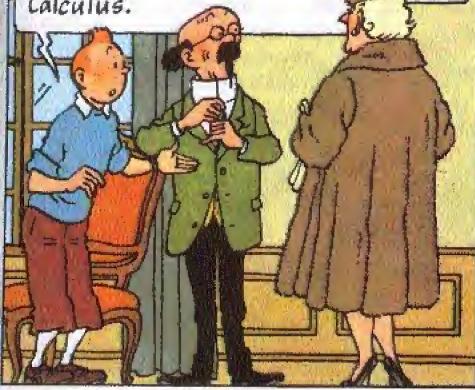
It's from her, all right!







Excuse me, signora, may I introduce our old friend Professor Calculus.



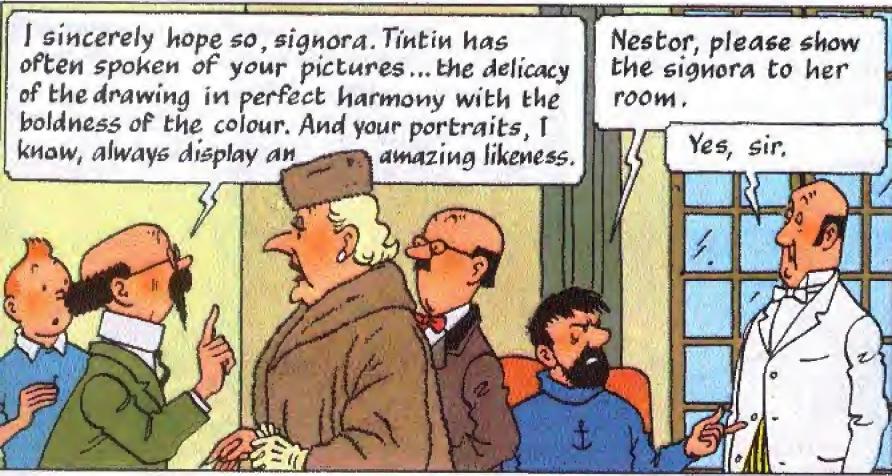
How enchanting, how absolutely thrilling to meet you: the man who makes all those daring ascents in balloons!



I am deeply honoured, signora. What a rare pleasure for me to meet so great an artist... an artist of such charm, such distinction, such...



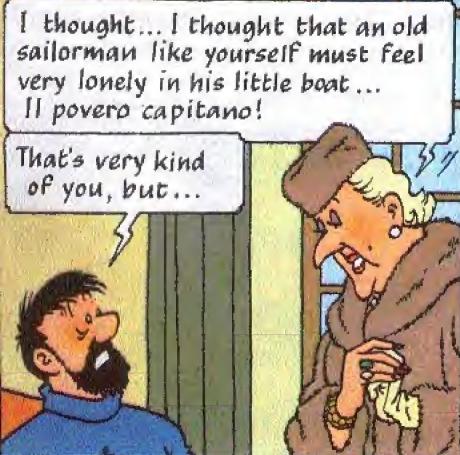
I sincerely hope so, signora. Tintin has often spoken of your pictures... the delicacy of the drawing in perfect harmony with the boldness of the colour. And your portraits, I know, always display an amazing likeness.



How kind... But first... er... Irma, where is the... er... the little something for dear Captain Drydock?



I thought... I thought that an old sailorman like yourself must feel very lonely in his little boat... Il povero capitano!

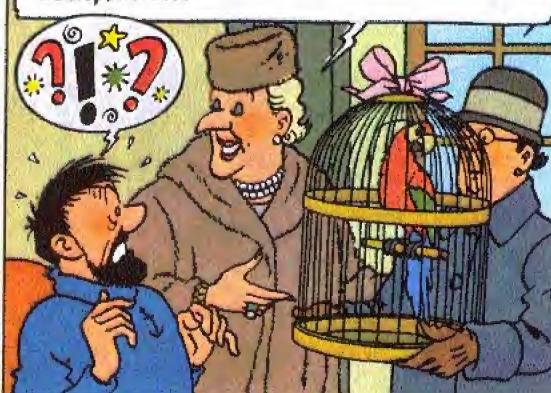


I knew you'd adore...

Here, Madame.



...this pretty polly to be your constant companion.



I... What a... surprise!... What a delightful surprise!... Nothing could have given me... er... greater pleasure.



Here, Irma, put him on his perch.

Yes, madame.

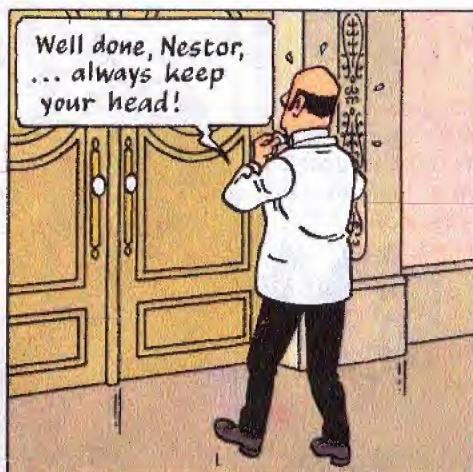
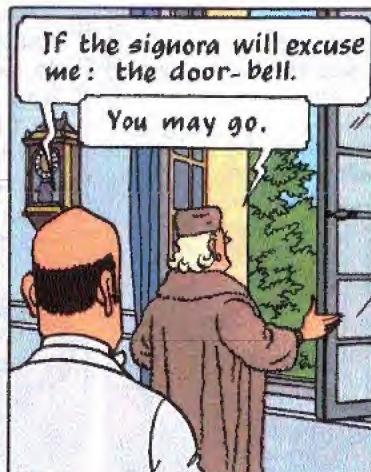
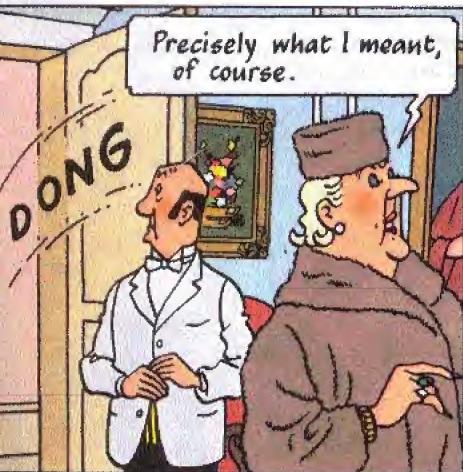
I can't stand animals who talk!

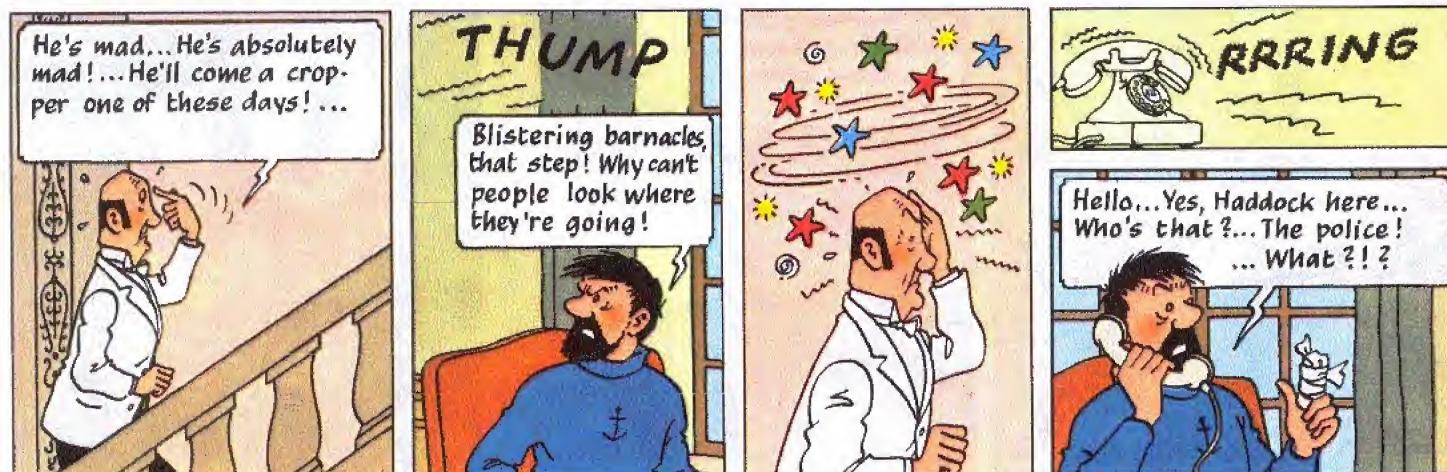
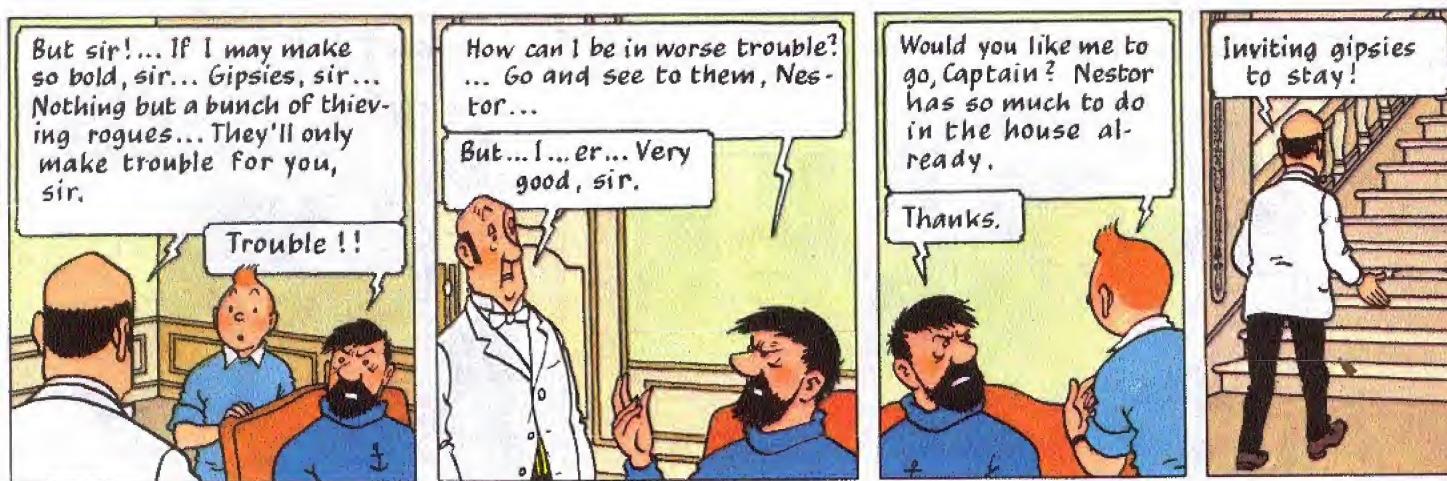
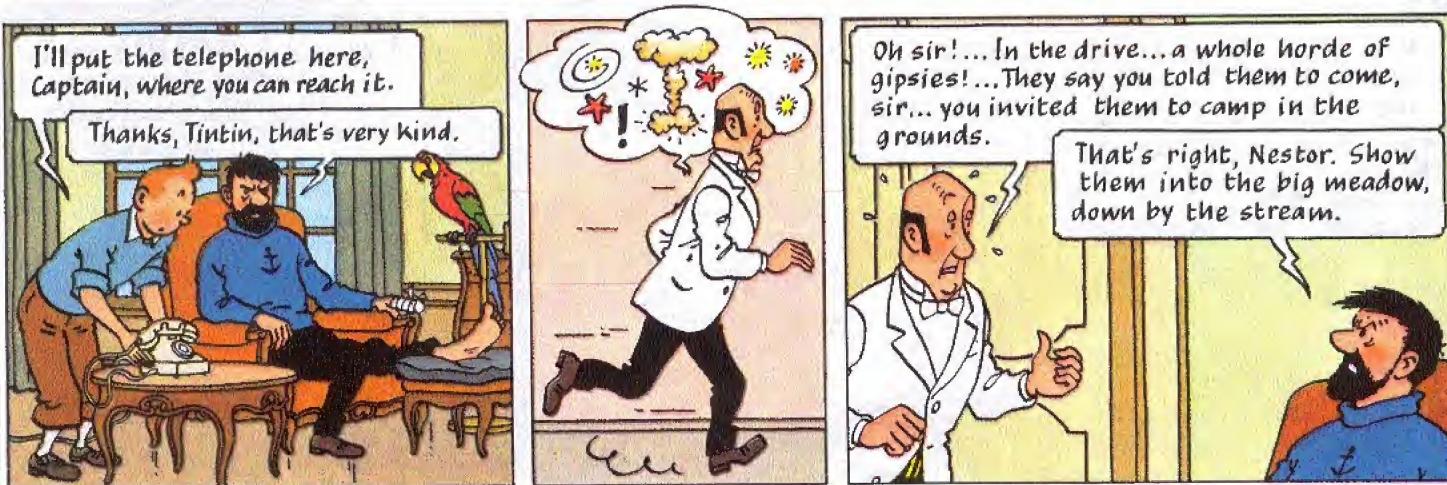
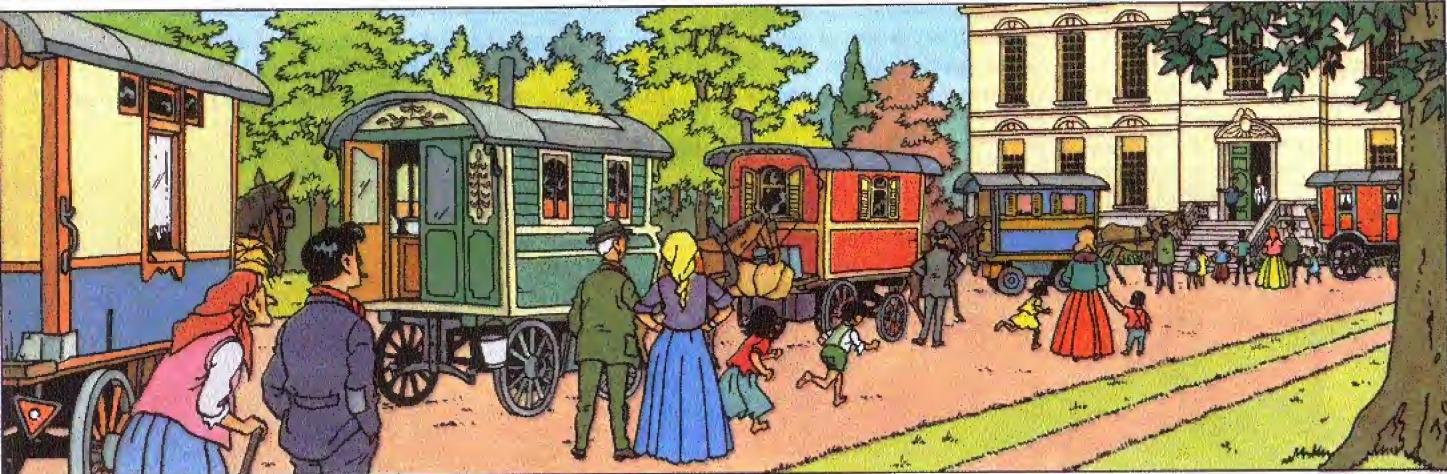


They've unloaded the luggage. This is where she's staying... To work, Gino!









Ah, Captain: my men report that some gipsies who were camping by the main road have moved ... It seems you invited them to pitch camp on your land ... Is that so?



Quite correct, Inspector. I think it's intolerable! Those wretched creatures forbidden to camp except on a rubbish dump! And as I have a meadow...



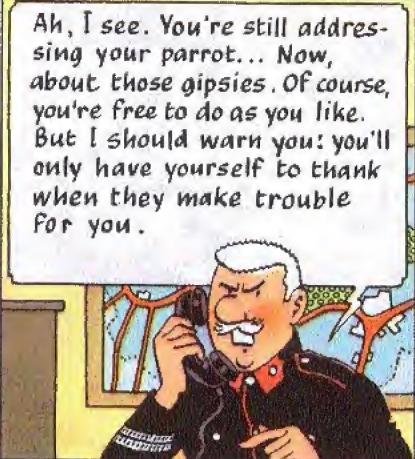
Hello?... What?... You can hear me?... Well, I can hear you. And since we can hear each other, let me say I quite understand your action, Captain. It's most generous... I beg your pardon ... Did you say shut up?



No... not you!... I'm talking to this pestilential parakeet! Will you shut up, you ...



Ah, I see. You're still addressing your parrot... Now, about those gipsies. Of course, you're free to do as you like. But I should warn you: you'll only have yourself to thank when they make trouble for you.



Trouble!... Ha! ha! First I'm bitten by a little wildcat, then by a parrot!... I sprain an ankle... Castafiore descends on me with Irma and that budding Beethoven... And they talk about trouble!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!...

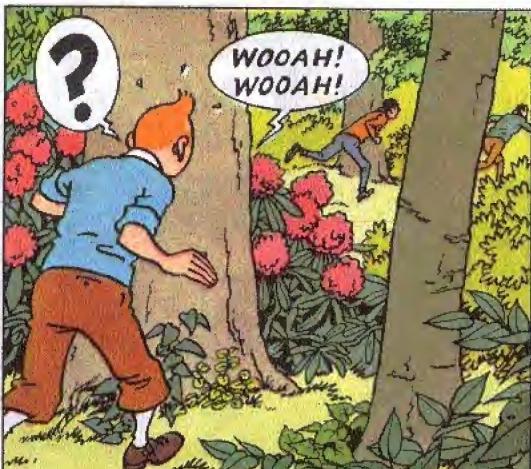
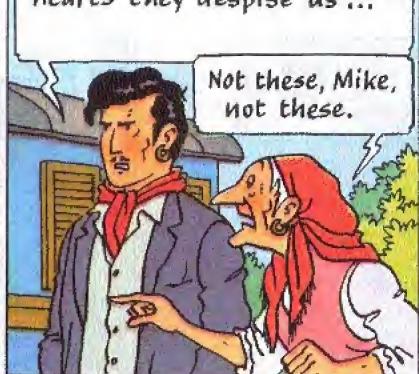


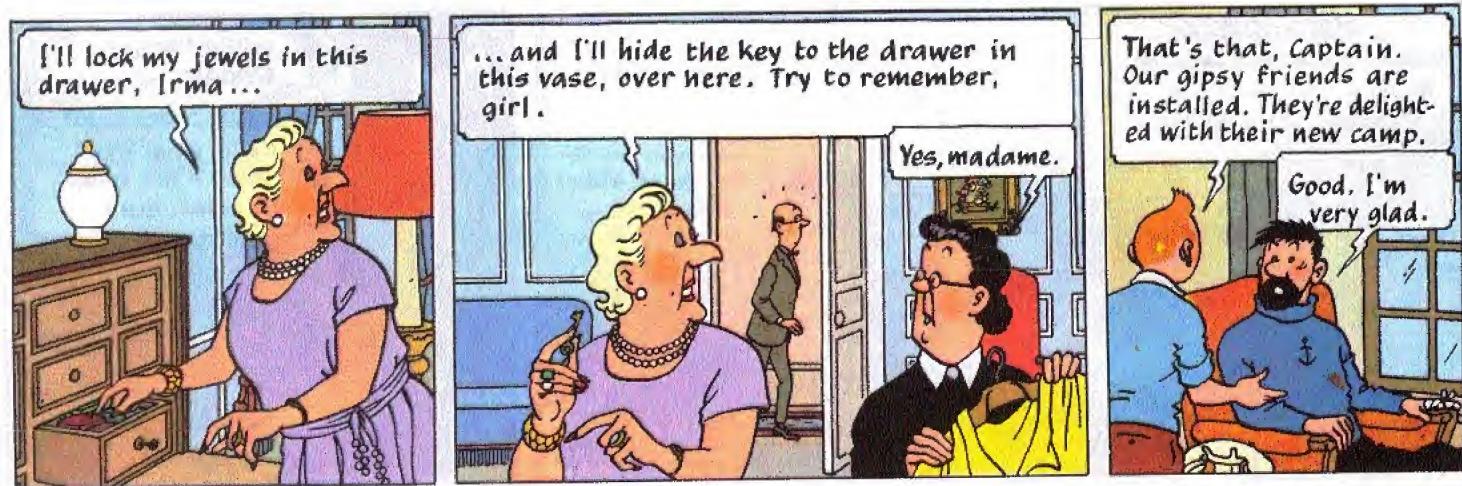
Meanwhile ...

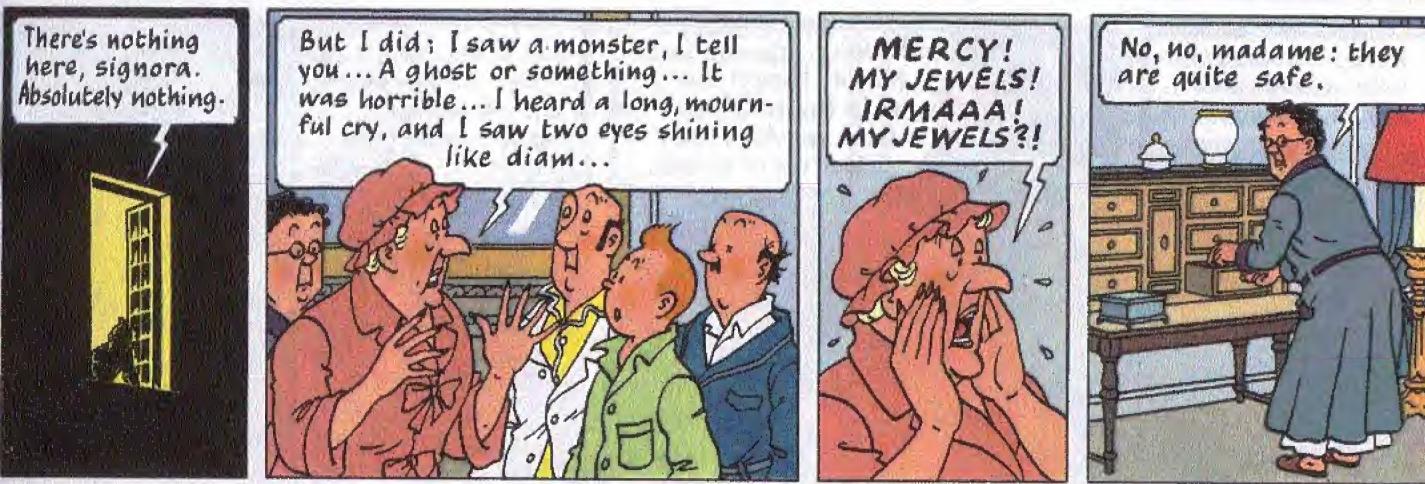
Mission completed: all settled in.



I hate them, the gajos. They pretend to help, but in their hearts they despise us ...







Footprints!... Right under the window!... Was she telling the truth, then?

The ivy?

No. It would never support a man's weight... A child, maybe?... But then there'd be traces of the climb... Anyway, the footprints are those of an adult...

... But whose? That's the problem... Someone from the house? ... One of the two strangers I chased yesterday? ... A gipsy?

Here, Snowy. We'll take a walk down by the encampment.

If there are any footprints, they'll show up in the mud. So let's go where they water their horses.

No, none like those we saw in the flowerbed.

SPLASH

?

WOOAH!
WOOAH!

?

?

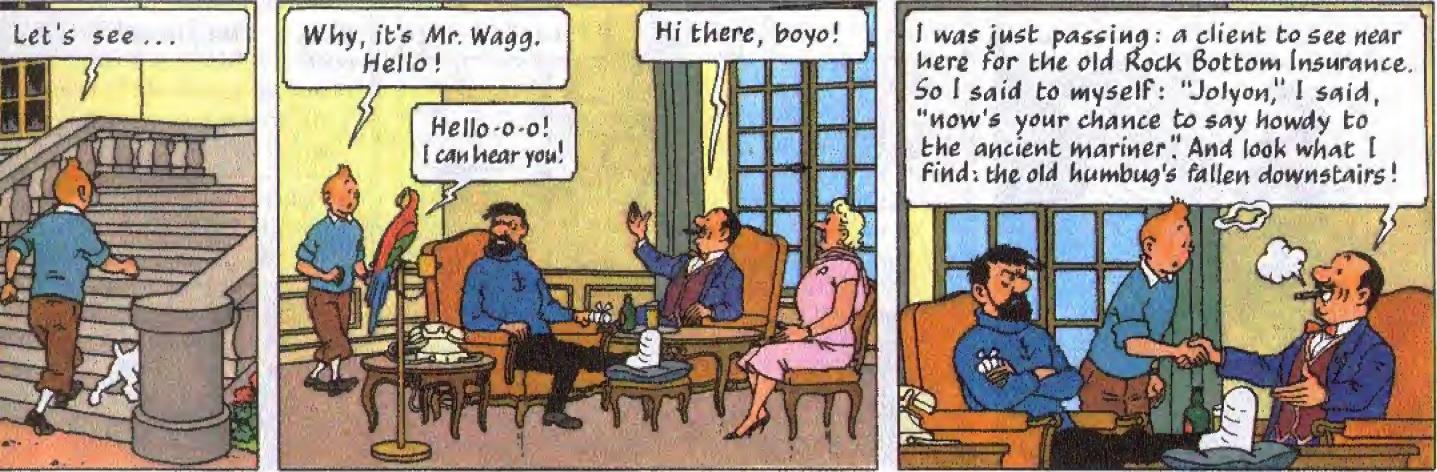
?

There he goes. Ha! ha! He didn't wait for a second round, the little brat. I don't like the way he's always snooping around.

So, that's who it was... that gipsy... he threw the stone. But why?

We don't seem to be much further on... Come on Snowy, ... home.

That's the doctor leaving: he'll have put the Captain's foot in plaster. But there's another car... Who does that belong to?

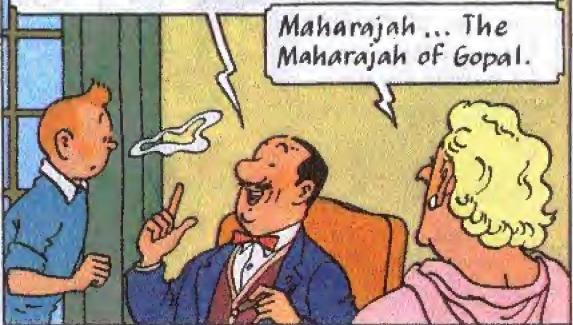
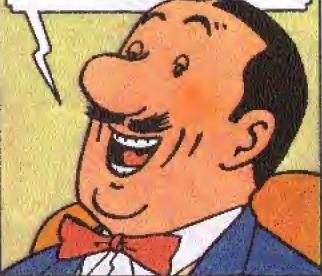


What a scream! Anyway, a bit of luck I popped in. A proper godsend, that's me. This lady was just telling me about last night's caper. And what does Jolyon Wagg discover? ... Hold on to your hats ...

Her jewels, her famous jewels, aren't even insured! What about that? A proper carry-on, eh?

Worth thousands and thousands... She's got one little sparkler, an emerald ... Given to her out East by some character ... Marjorie something or other ...

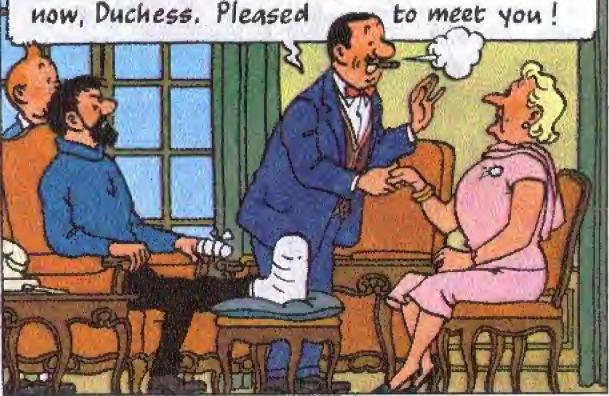
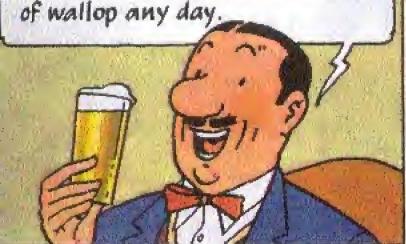
Maharajah ... The Maharajah of Gopal.



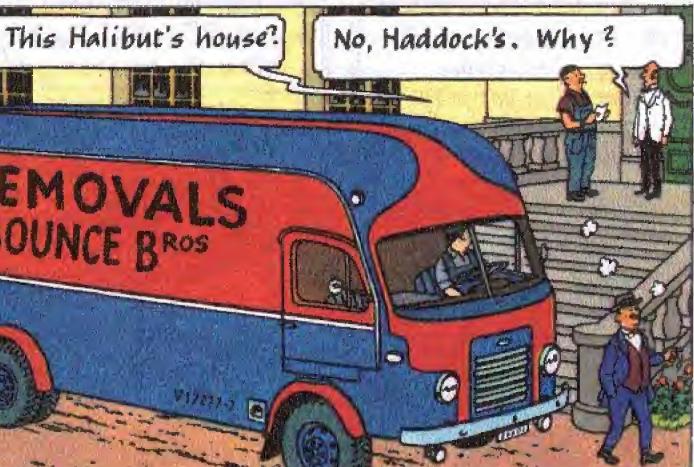
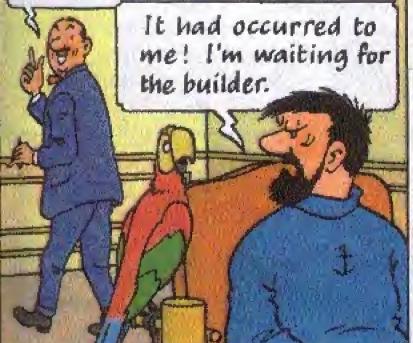
That's the chap. And that little tit-bit alone is worth a fortune. Crazy what you get for a song, eh? Beats me. Not that I've got anything against music, but between you and me, I prefer a dollop of wallop any day.

Not a single jewel covered. So I said: "Lady, you give me a list of your knick-knacks, and Jolyon Wagg will insure the whole shoot!" ...

Fiddlesticks! ... It's all fixed... I'll be back in a day or two with a policy. Cheerio for now, Duchess. Pleased to meet you!



...And if I were you, Lord Nelson, I'd get that step fixed.

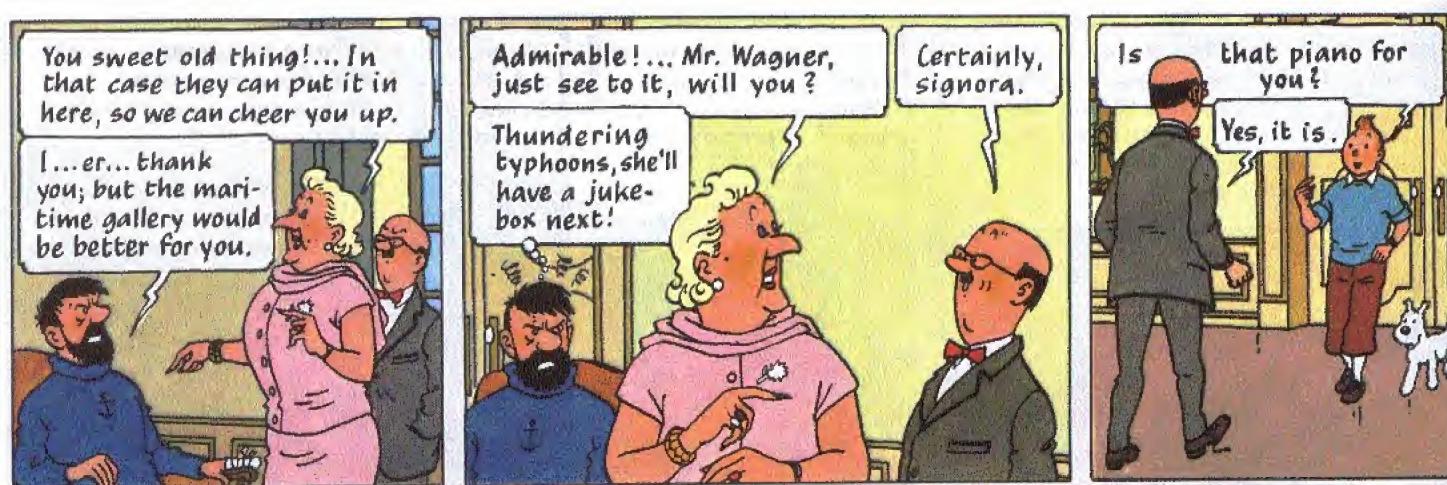
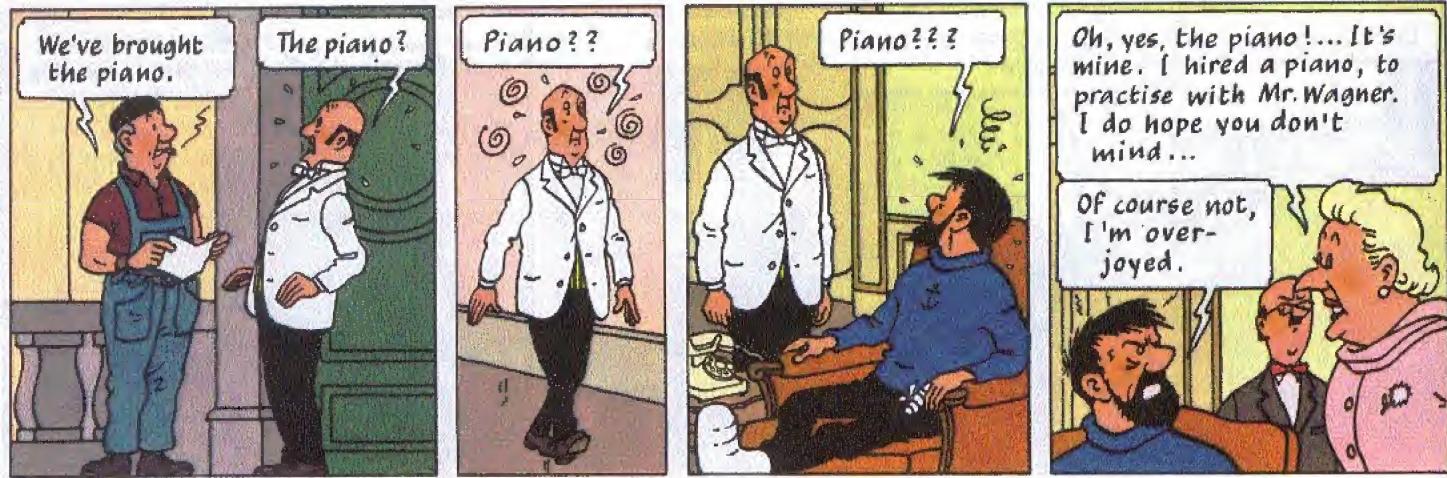


DONG

That's probably him now at the door.

This Halibut's house?

No, Haddock's. Why?

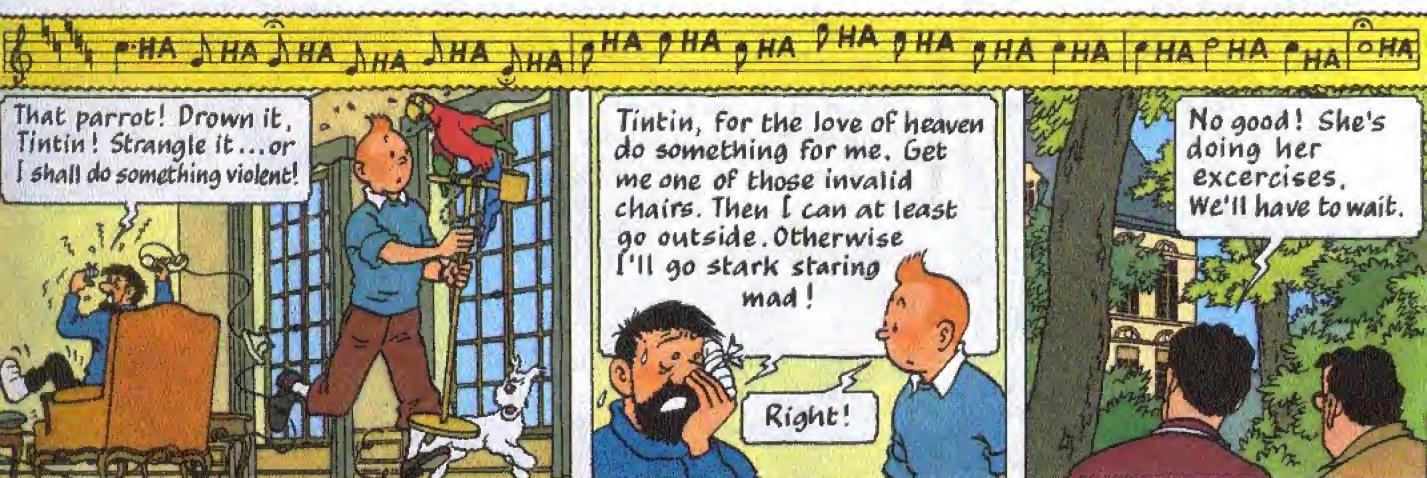


Journalists! They hound one to death!
... There's no escape! ... Oh well, one must
expect it... The price of fame.

But you definitely
said: no interviews,
nothing...

Oh, but "Paris-Flash" is
Paris-Flash, you know. Not
like those pigs on "Tempo
di Roma". Not a flicker
of respect for an artist
... So I refuse to
receive them
now.

But I must practise with
Wagner... Bye-bye... I'll
put dear Iago
beside you.



The next morning . . .

Yes, I know... I couldn't help it. I had to finish a tombstone: it was urgent. What? Yours is urgent too: yes, I know... Look, I'll be there first thing tomorrow morning... Yes, without fail.

If he's not here tomorrow I'll get someone else, and that's flat.

Captain! Captain!

Here's your new racing car.

ΔΗΔ ΔΗΔ ΔΗΔ Δ

Hooray! I'm free!

Wooh!
Wooh!

Ak-Parts-Flash! C

Ah, Paris-Flash! Come in gentlemen. I will inform the signora.

Hello, Cuthbert. Working already this morning?

Very well, thank you.
And you?...How's the foot?

Peace at last...And
there's old Cuthbert,
pruning his roses...

A man in a blue shirt and cap sits on a bench, watching another man in a yellow vest and hat work in a garden.

Great news, Captain - but this
is strictly between ourselves -
I have succeeded in raising a
completely new variety of rose.

Well done! Splendid! ...
Better than building rockets
and chasing off into the blue.

No, no, white! ... But such a white!
... Pearly, sparkling, immaculate!
... And the shape-perfect! ... And
what perfume - exquisite!

Well, Professor, I congratulate you.

And the name?
Aha! You will
never guess...

A cartoon illustration showing two men in a forest setting. The man on the left, with a beard and wearing a blue shirt, is speaking. The man on the right, wearing a yellow hat and vest, is listening attentively. A speech bubble above the first man contains the text "and chasing off into the blue".

No, no, white! ... But such a white!
... Pearly, sparkling, immaculate!
... And the shape-perfect! ... And
what perfume - exquisite!

Well, Professor, I congratulate you.

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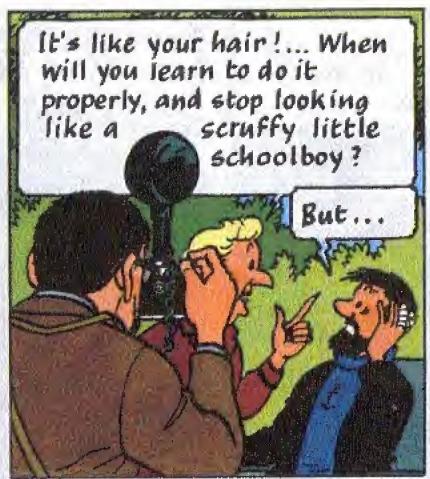
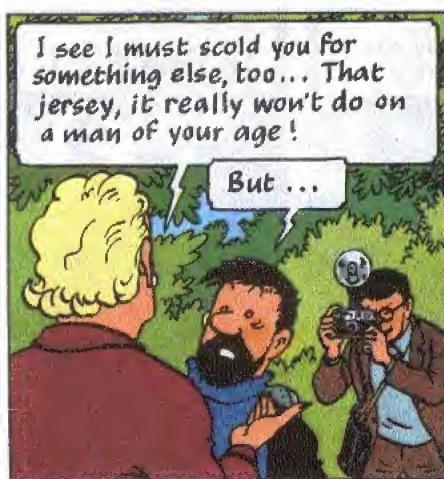
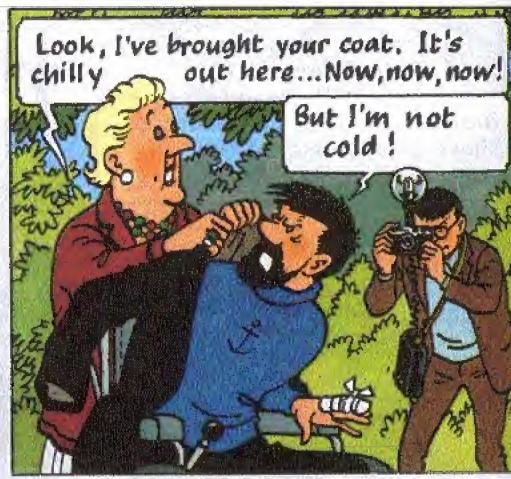
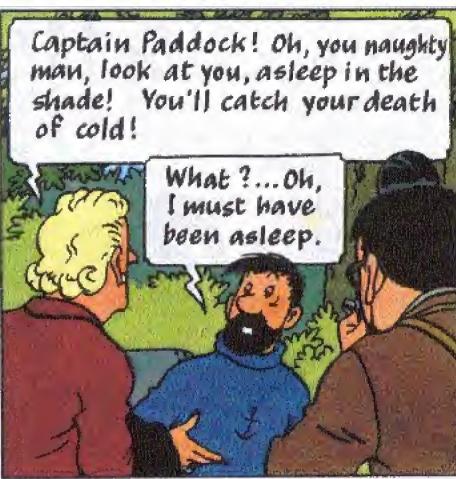
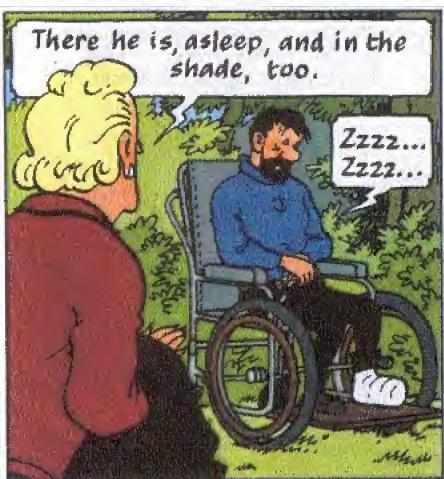
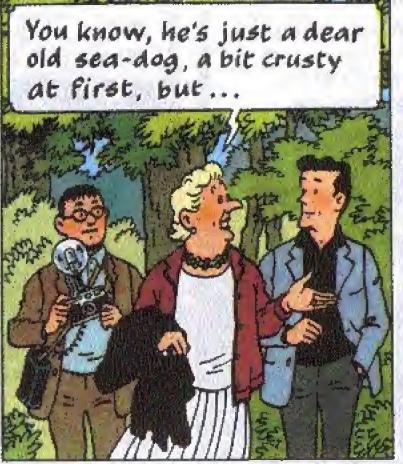
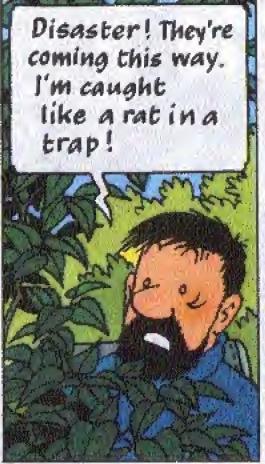
If you see him, tell him we've finished. These gentlemen from "Paris-Flash" have concluded their interview and would so like to meet him.

Yes, madame.

Disaster! They're coming this way. I'm caught like a rat in a trap!

You know, he's just a dear old sea-dog, a bit crusty at first, but ...

... beneath a rough exterior he hides the simple heart of a big, lovable child.



True or not, Marco my boy,
it'll sell !

I can just see
the cover !

Look, a gardener. Come on,
we'll try to pump him.

O.K.!

But...it isn't the gardener... it's
Professor Calculus, who went to the
moon with Tintin. He should be in
the know.

Let's go !

Good morning, Professor. May we in-
troduce ourselves : Christopher
Willoughby-Drupe and Marco Rizotto
of "Paris-Flash". Here's our card.

From the Yard ?

Reporters !...So that's it!
The Captain had to tell
someone. He's already
tattled to the papers
about my new rose,
the old gossip !

Tell me, Professor, off the record,
isn't there something in the wind
between La Castafiore and Cap-
tain Haddock ?... Plans for a
wedding ?... Am I right ?

It was the Captain
who told you, wasn't
it ?

Well...yes and no... You know how
it is... we reporters... flair, you
understand ... So it's true ?

Great sunspots ! And he
promised to say
nothing ! It was to
have been a surprise...

I quite understand ... How
soon will it be ?

It all depends
on the weather
... But it
could happen
any day now.

Aha ! So it's imminent, then !
And... how long has this been
fixed ? Can you give any little
snippets about them ... How
they first met, for example ?

Precisely !... It
was two years
ago ...

...at the Chelsea Flower Show.
But ssh ! Here she comes ...
Signora Bianca, with the Captain.
Not a word about this !

Right !

Er... the Professor was telling us...er...about
his roses. How magnificent they are !

Exquisite. I was
just saying so to
Captain Havoc.

Meanwhile ...

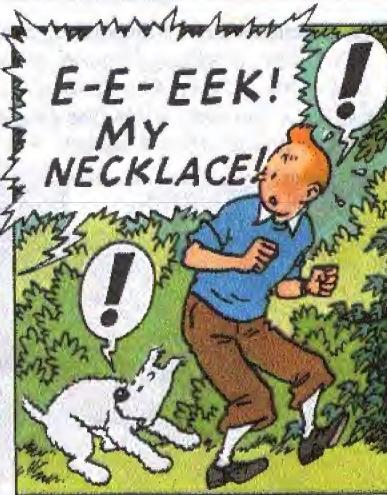
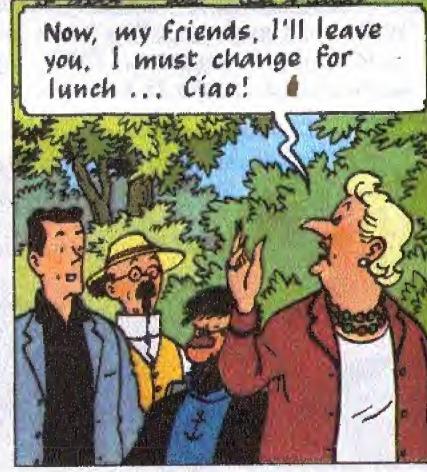
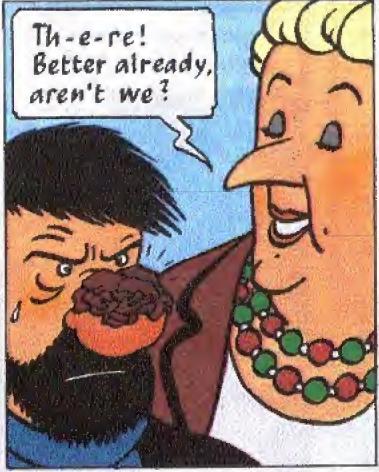
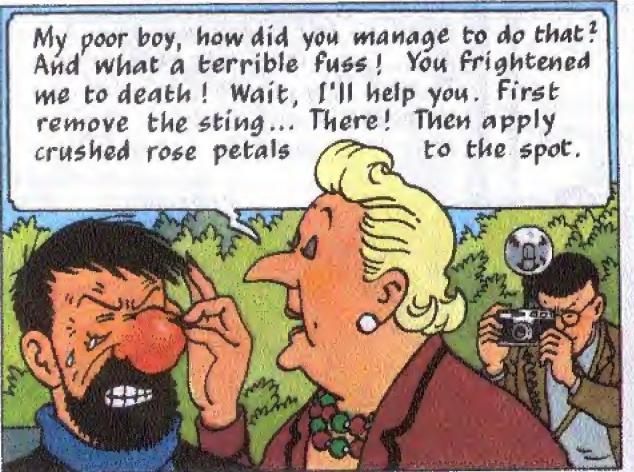
Got that ? Sugarplum...
Oriana ... Semiramis...

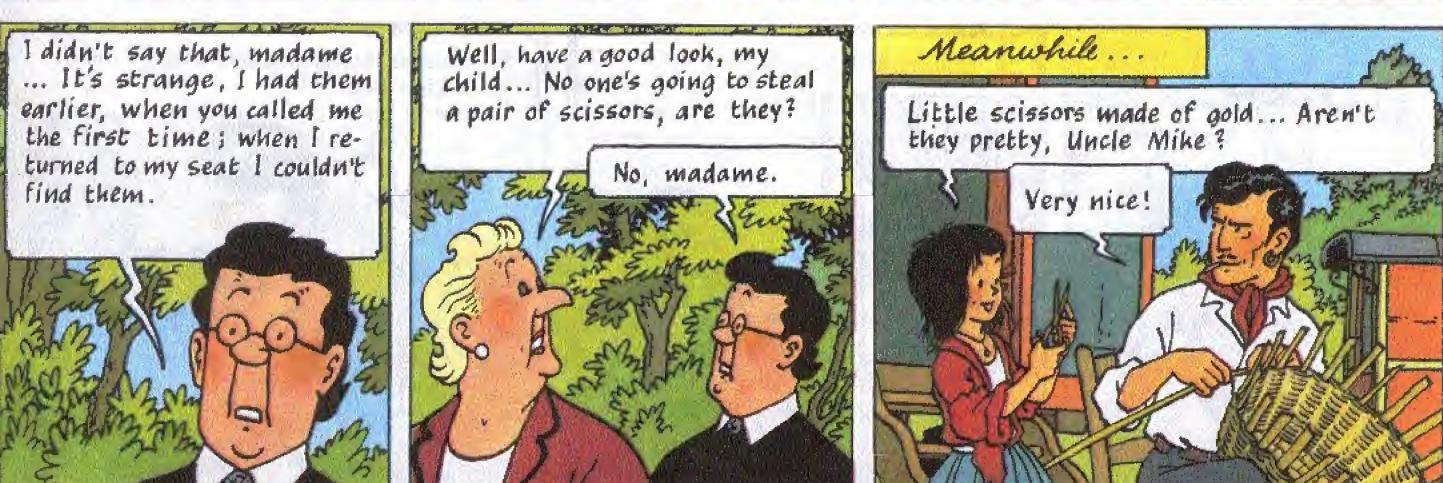
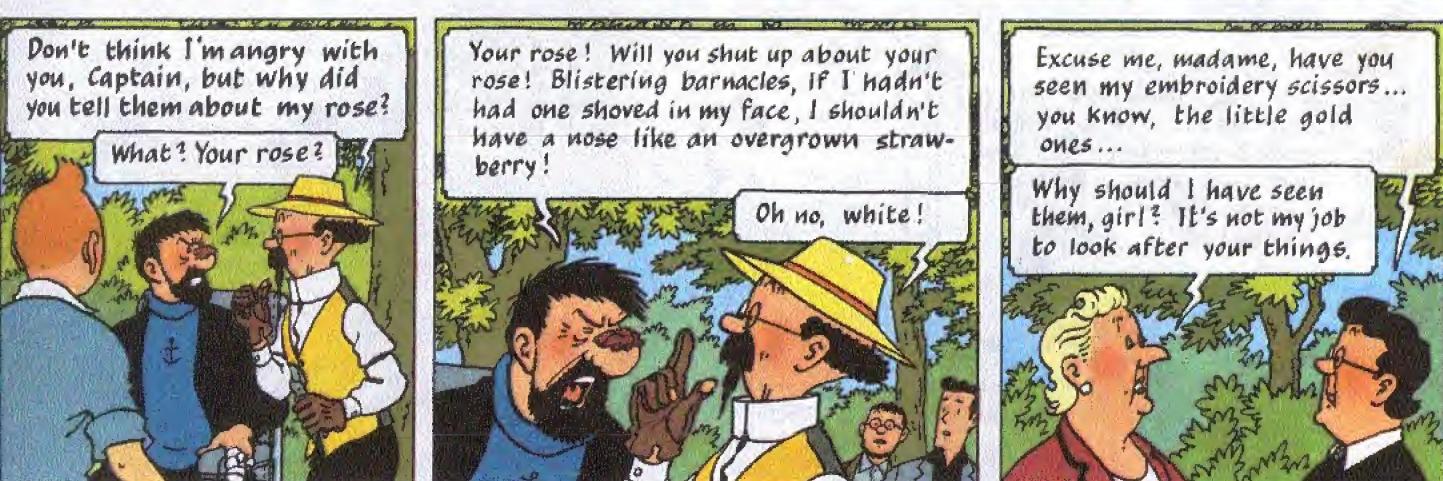
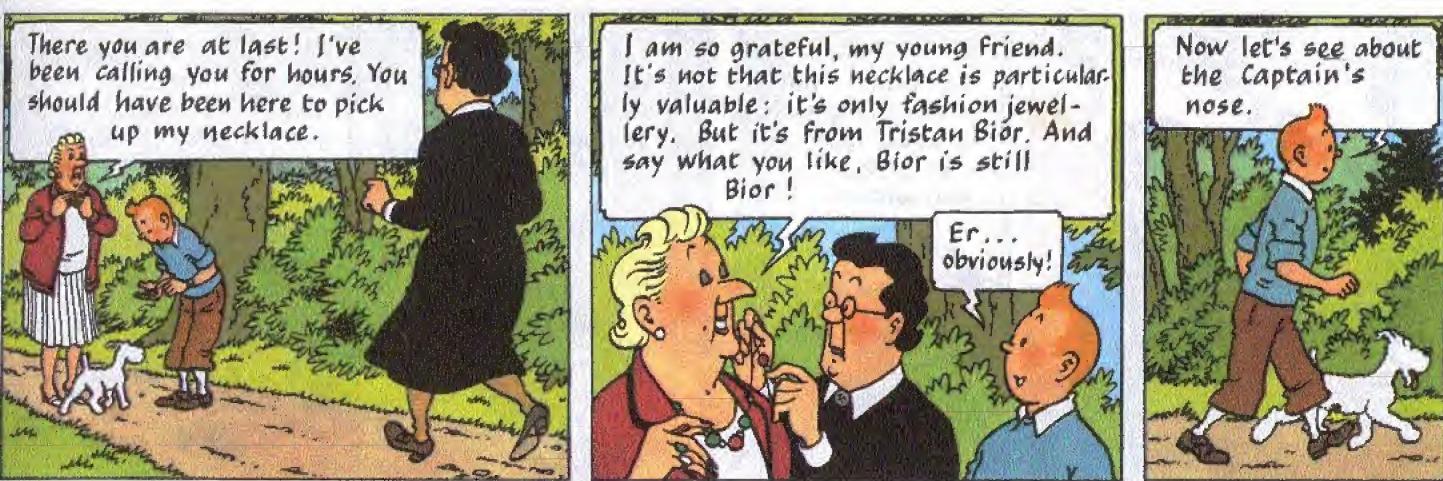
That's right... Exactly... No, no, I'll ring you myself... O.K. then... Till tomorrow.

Oh, how I adore flowers! They bring them in armfuls, but I never get tired of them!

Dear lady, allow me to offer you this modest "Crimson Glory"... until...er... something better comes along ... Ha! ha!

Oh, Professor!



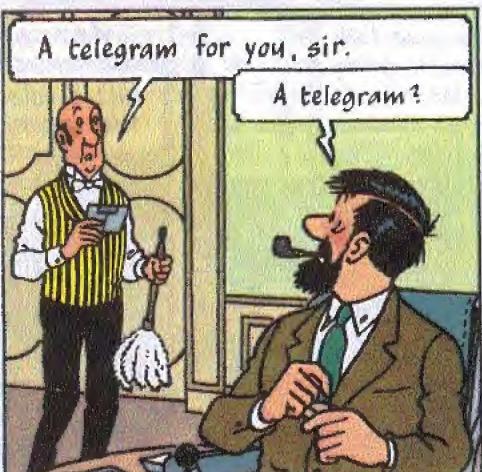
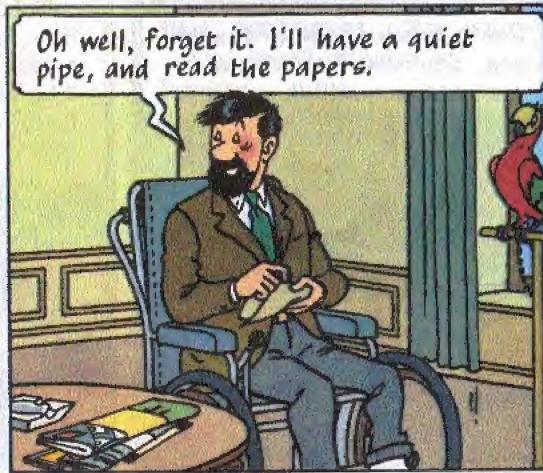
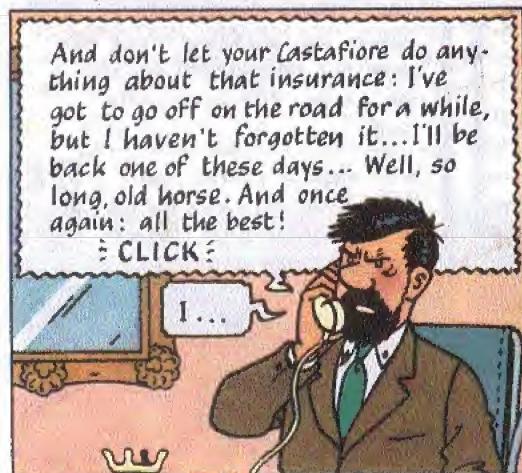
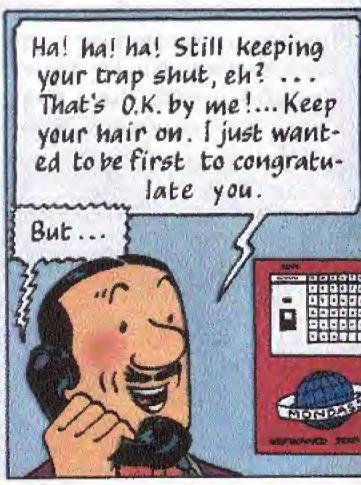
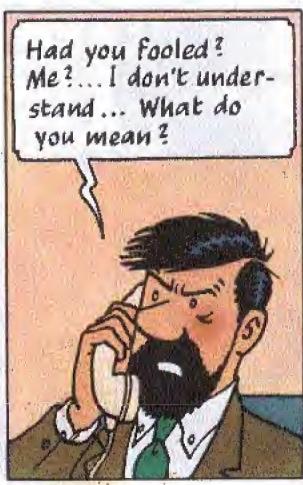


Three days later...

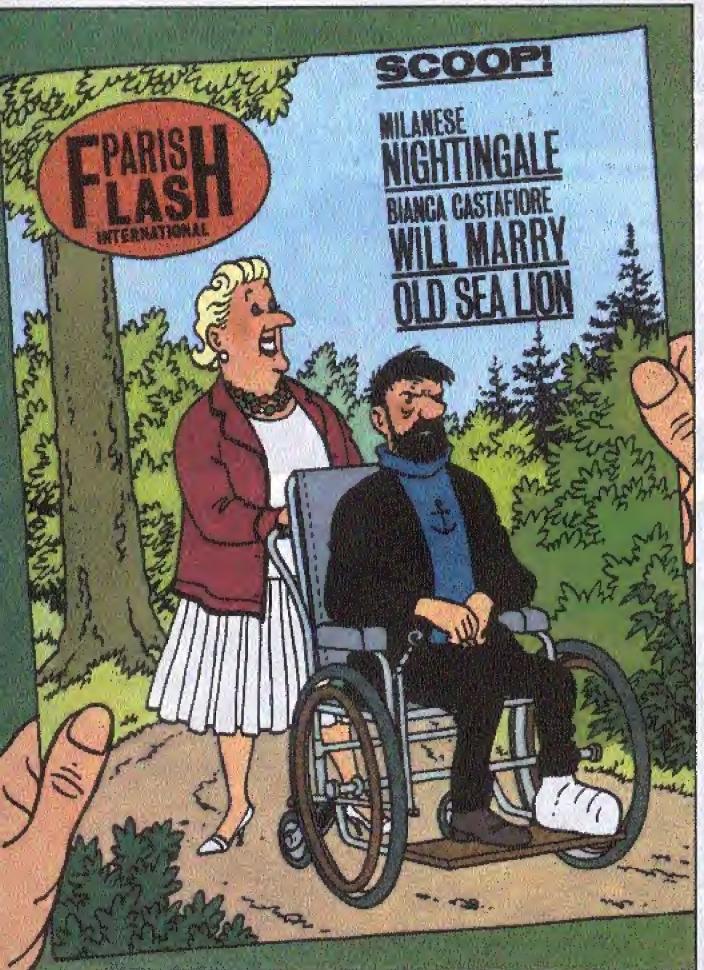
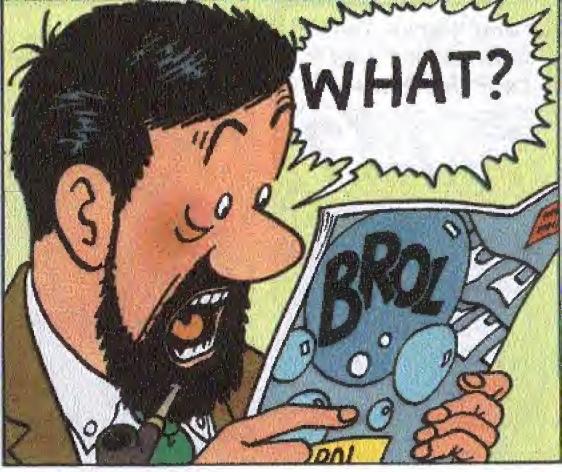
Hello, is that Mr. Bolt? ... Oh, I'm speaking to Mrs. Bolt... ^

Yes ... oh, the gentleman from the Hall... Er... no, he's been gone since first thing this morning... Oh? He promised to come to you? ... I'm afraid I don't know ... I'll tell him, sir... Yes, without fail, sir...

Thundering typhoons! If he doesn't come tomorrow I'll get someone else...

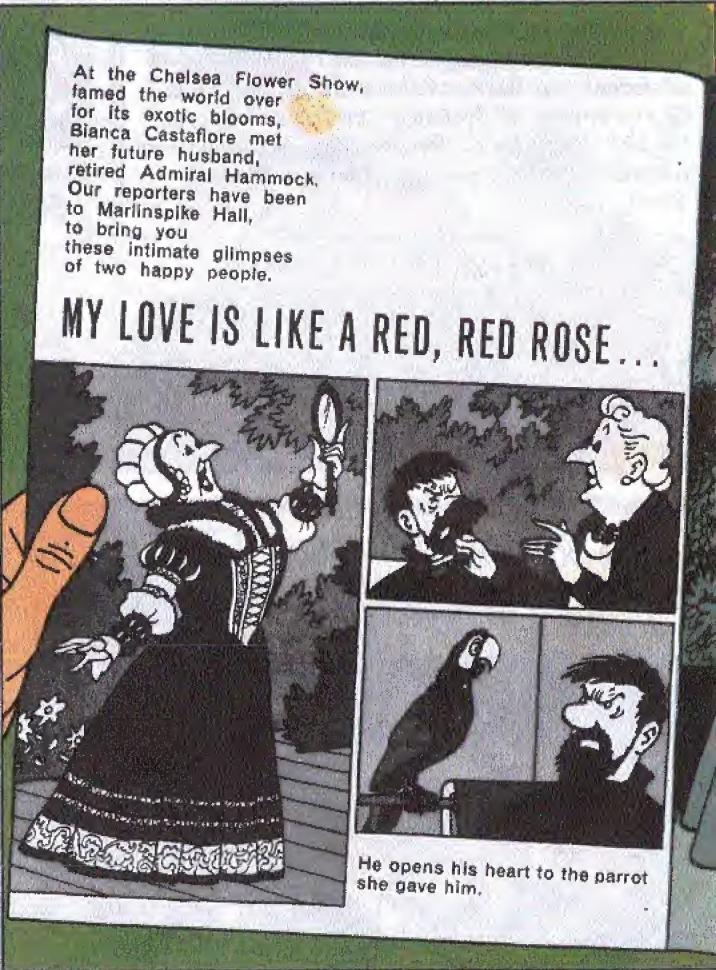


Read that and tell me if it conveys anything to you. And that idiot Wagg has just rung up to congratulate me.

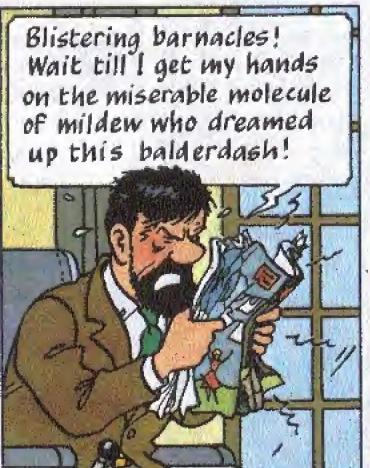


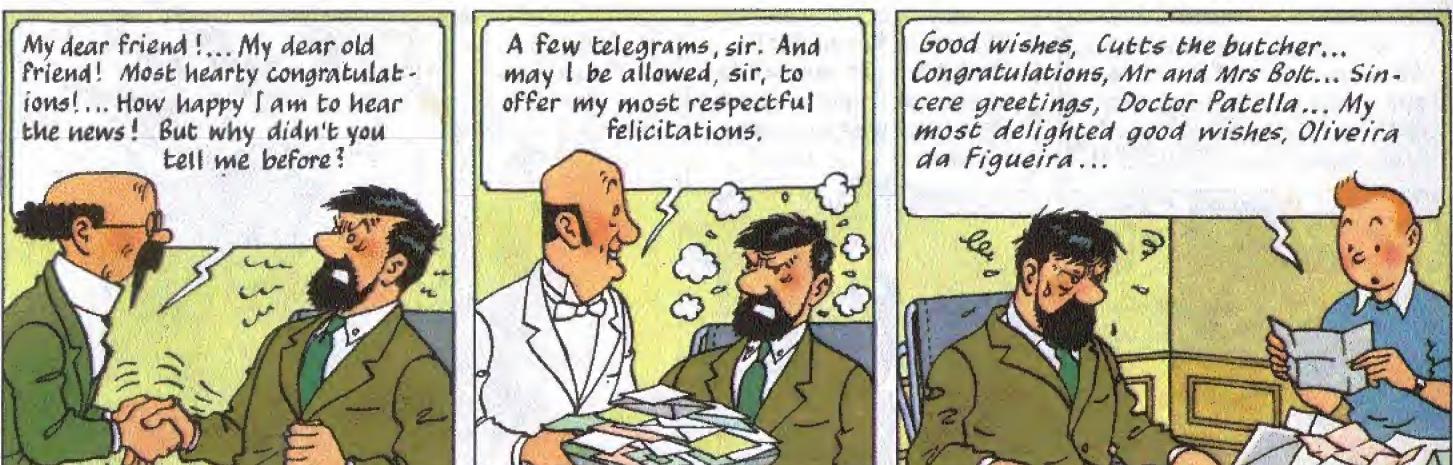
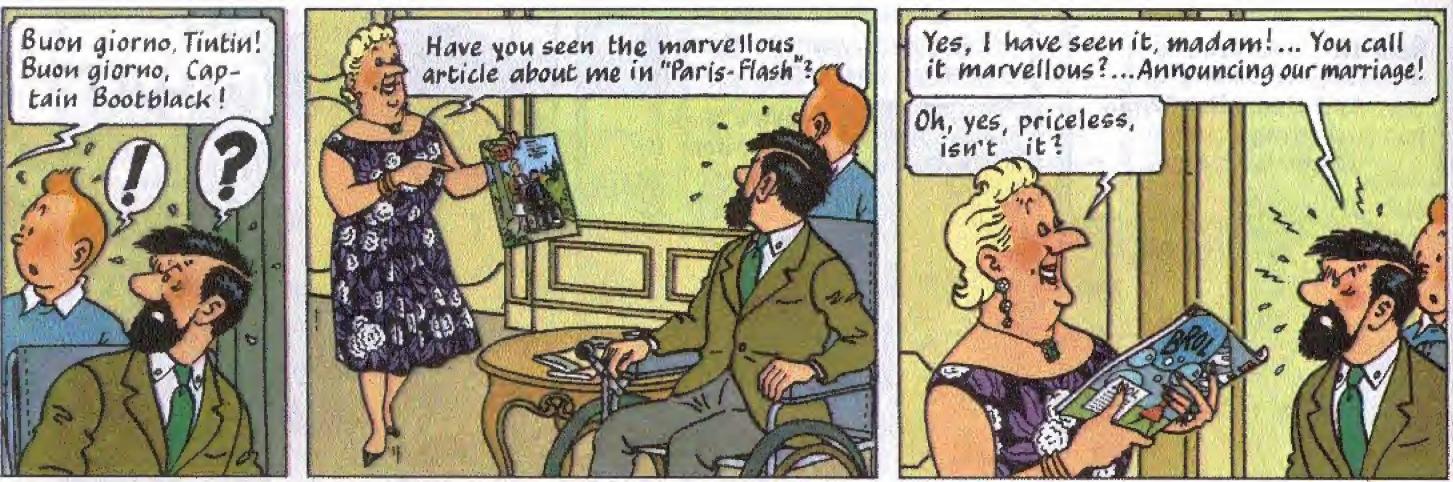
SCOOP!

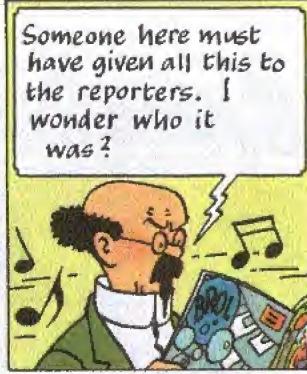
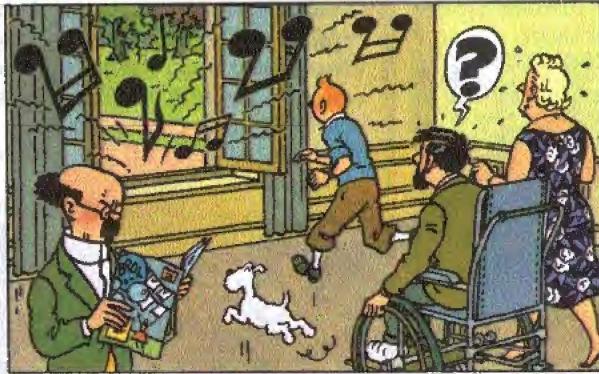
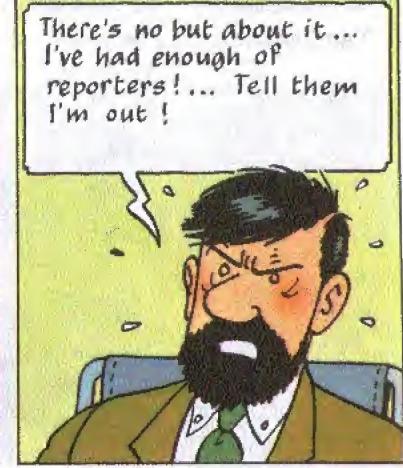
MILANESE
NIGHTINGALE
BIANCA CASTAFIORE
WILL MARRY
OLD SEA LION



He opens his heart to the parrot she gave him.







Your ladyship, Captain sir ...

Ssh!

But...

On behalf of the Marlinspike Prize Band Supporters' Club I have the honour to present to you with due deference the respectful congratulations of all our members on this felicitous event, which has brought ...

... a light to every throat and a lump in every eye...

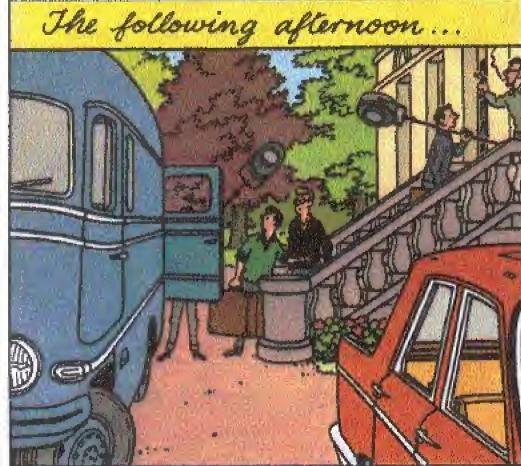
You must offer them champagne...

What? ... Champagne?
... Never!

Several glasses later ...



The following afternoon ...



Forgive us for being so late, signora. On our way out of town we were caught in a traffic jam. Then we wasted time trying to find the way. And to crown it all we had a breakdown!



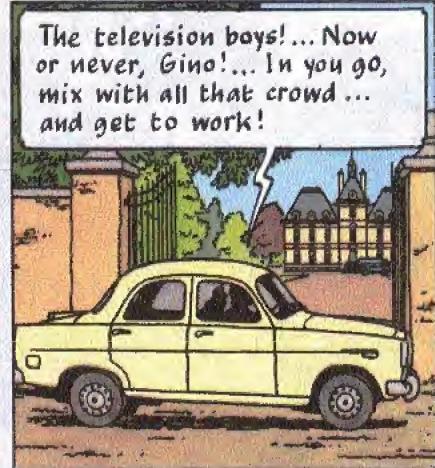
Thundering typhoons!
This is a full-scale invasion!



Oh, sorry!



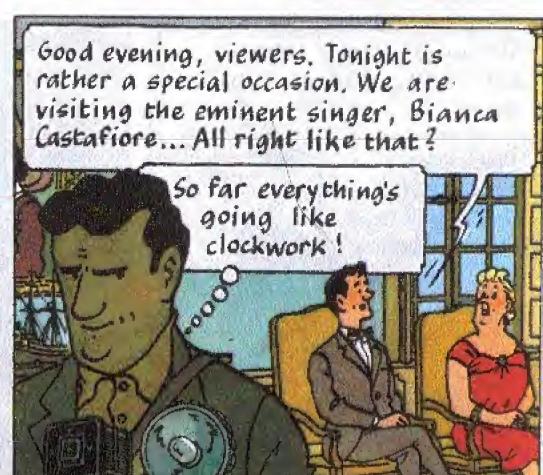
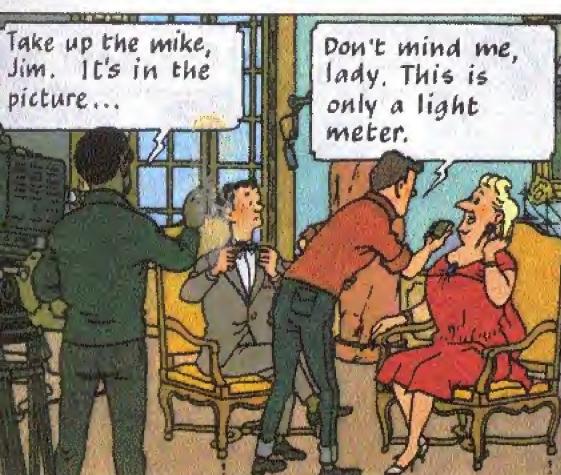
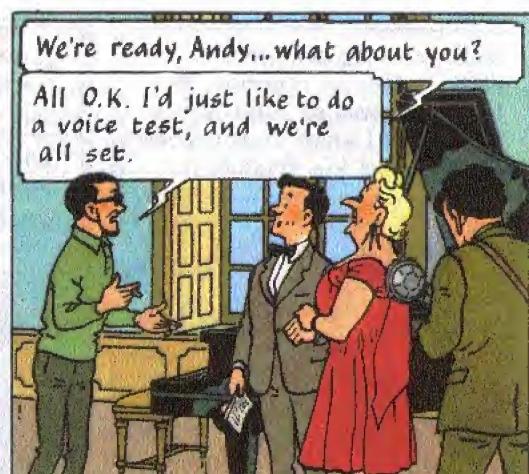
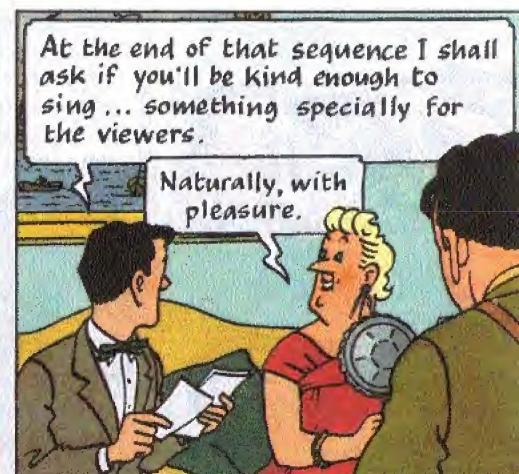
The television boys! ... Now or never, Gino! ... In you go, mix with all that crowd ... and get to work!

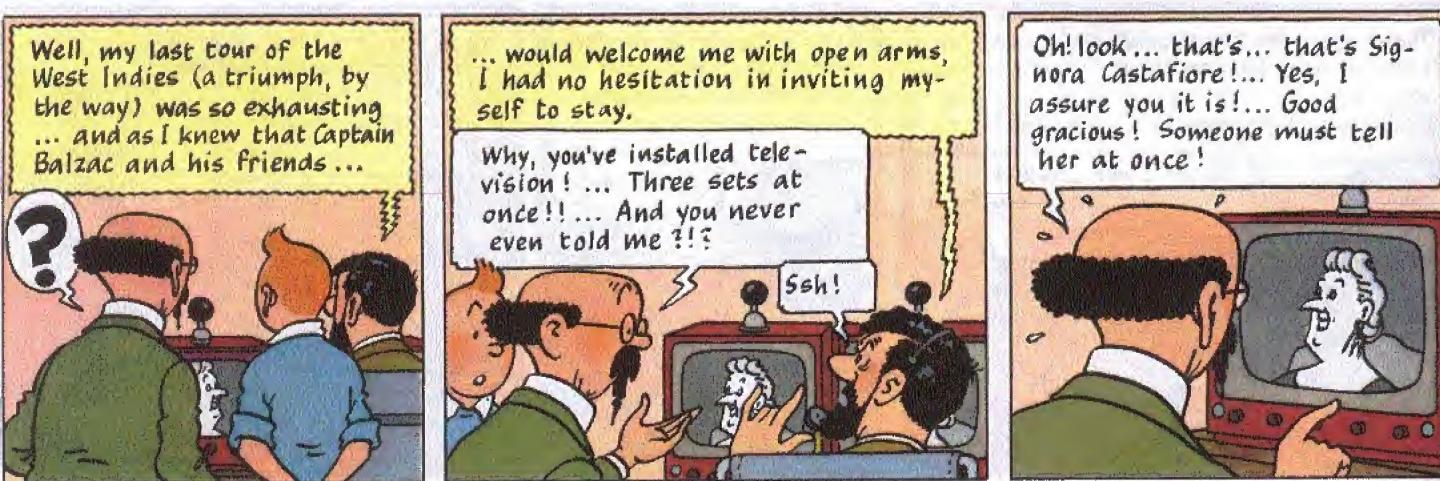
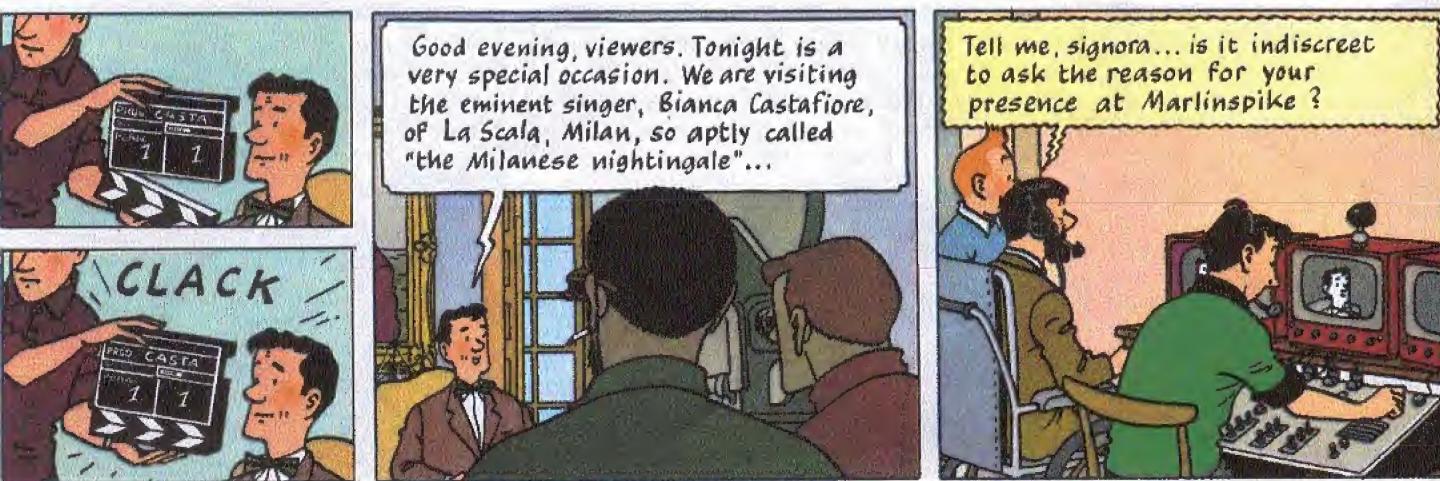
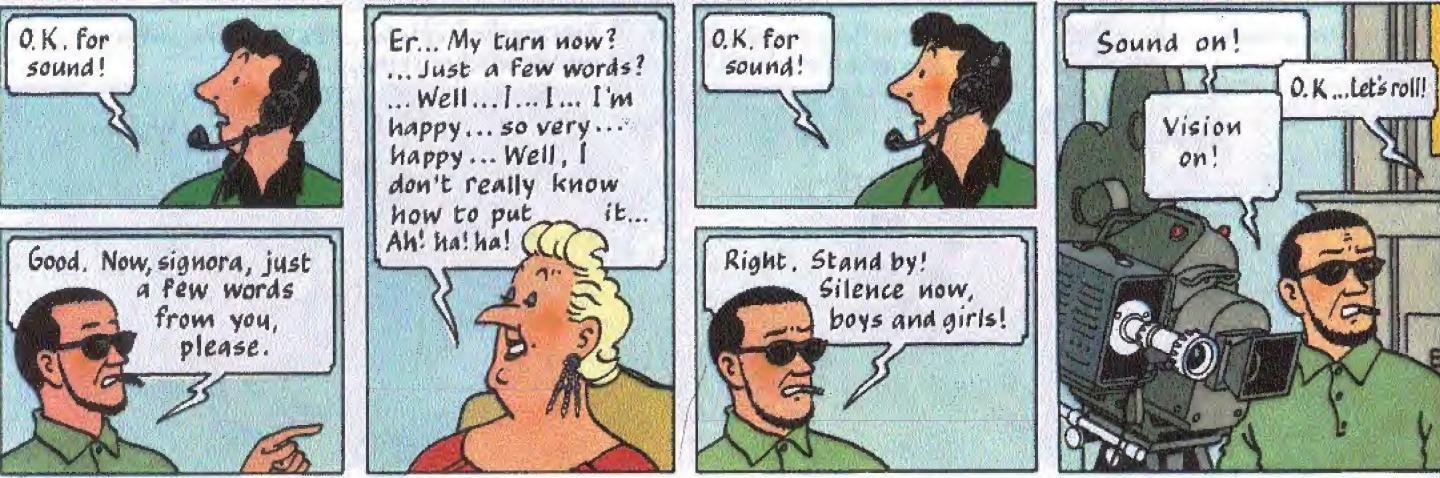


I'll wait in the car just down the road ... O.K.?

O.K. I'll take my gear and chance it ...







Stars above! What is the meaning of all this masquerade?



... A wedding is arranged, and I'm the last to hear about it! ... You install television, but you don't tell me! ... They're shooting a film here, and no one says a word! ... It's a conspiracy! Everyone's plotting to keep me in the dark!



... And poor Signora Castafiore is appearing on television, and no one thinks of telling her! ... It's monstrous!



Come, Professor, let me explain...

Pained? ... Me?
... Pained? !
Certainly not, but...



We'll pick up from the last question ... Stand by! ... Sound on!



Yes, a series of recitals in the United States, where I shall stay for two months: they are longing to hear me.

Poor Americans! What have they done to deserve it?

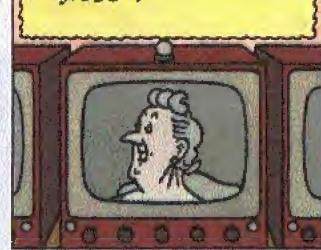


Then to South America to conquer the capitals...

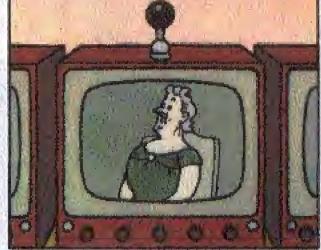
And reduce them to ruins as well!



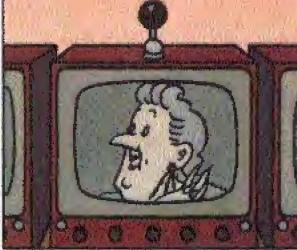
And ... tell me, signora; which works will you perform on your tour... or should I say, your triumphal progress?



How well you put it!
... Yes, as usual,
I shall be singing
Rossini, Puccini,
Verdi, Gounod... Oh,
silly me! Gounod!



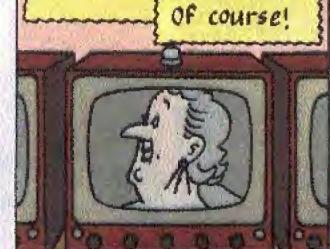
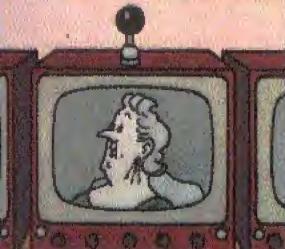
Ah, Gounod? Wasn't it in Gounod that you achieved your greatest success... made your name, in fact?



Yes, the Jewel Song from "Faust" swept me to the pinnacle of fame. They say I'm divine ...

Please, signora, I know our viewers would be overcome if you would sing that great aria for them ...

OF course!

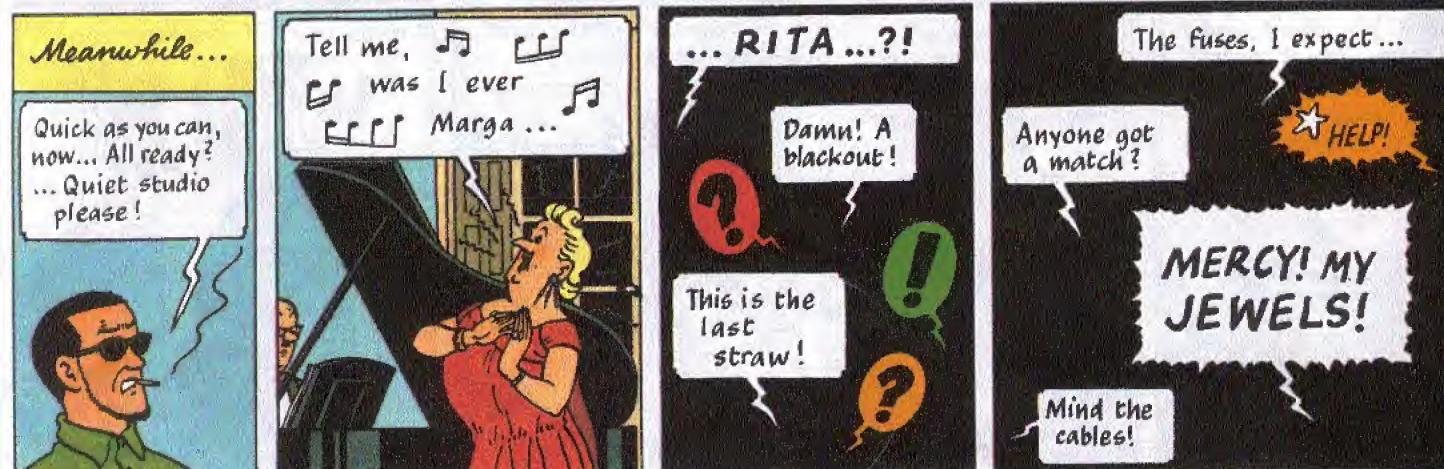
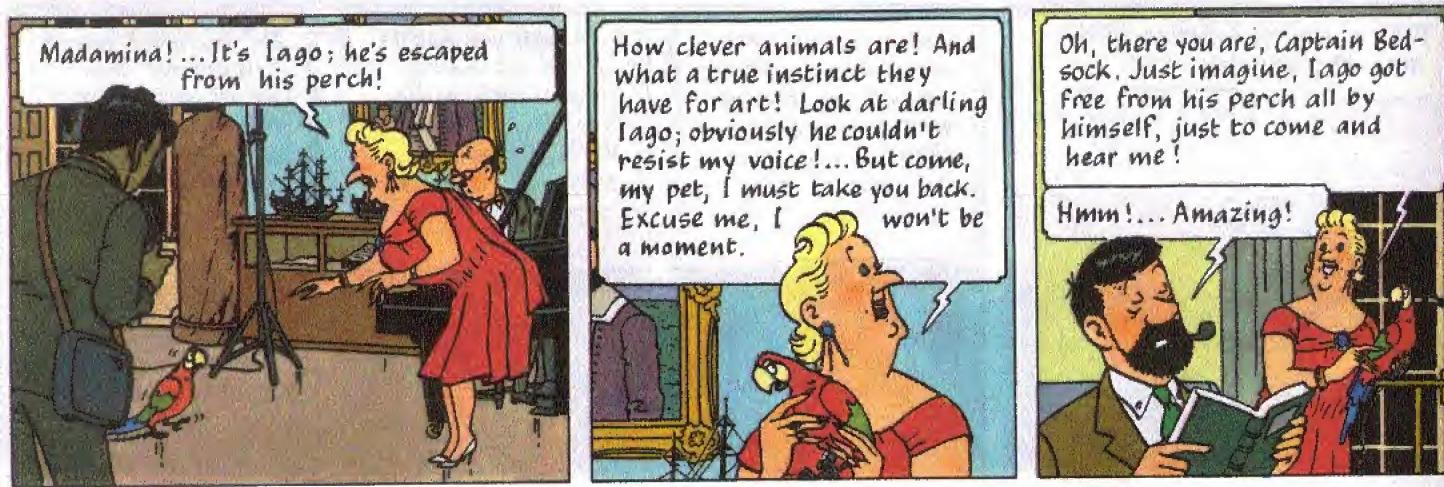
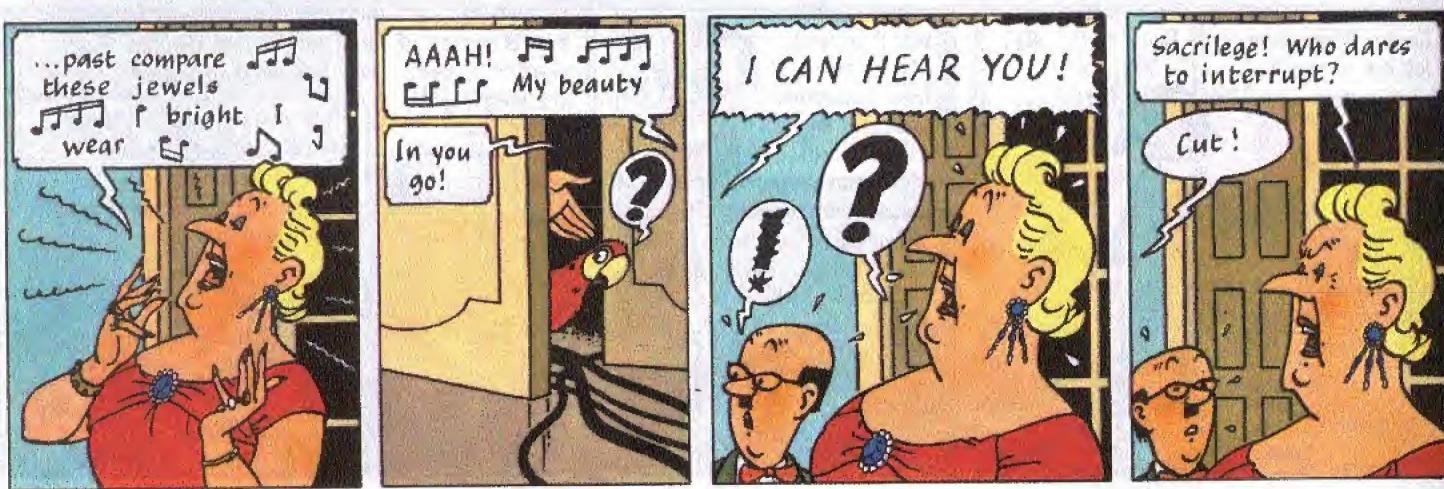
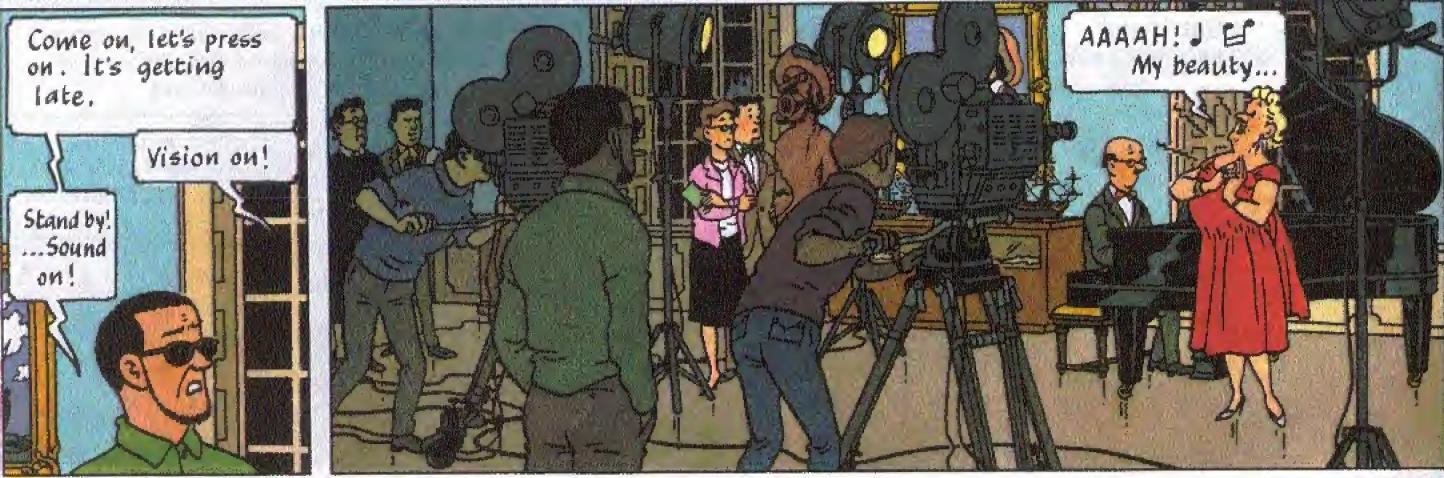


Emergency! ... Take cover! She's going to sing!

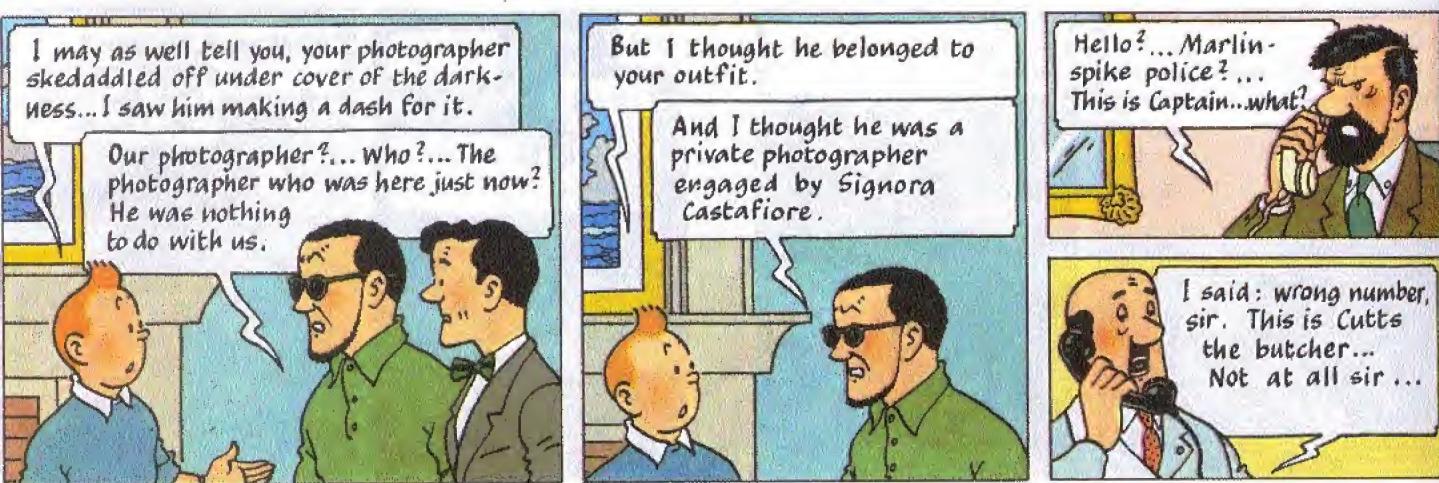


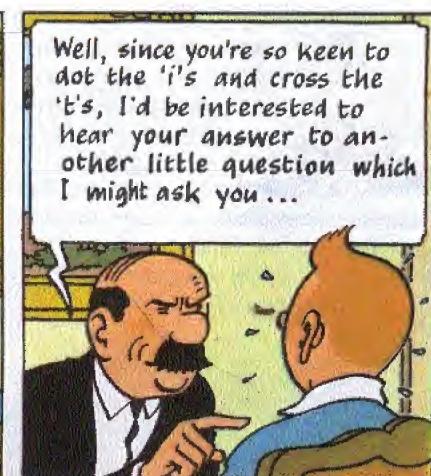
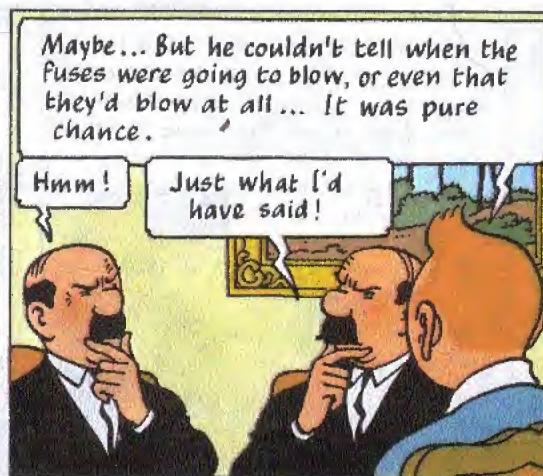
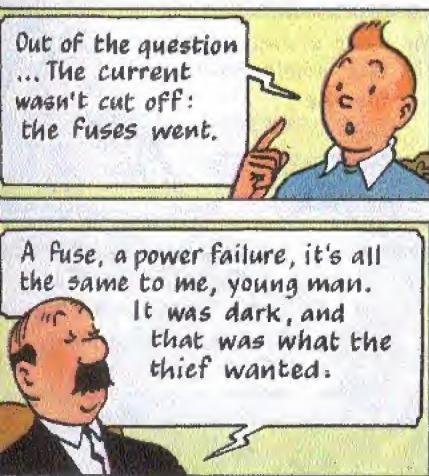
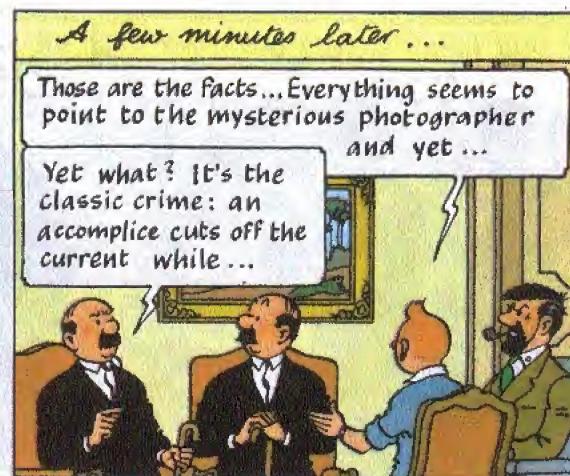
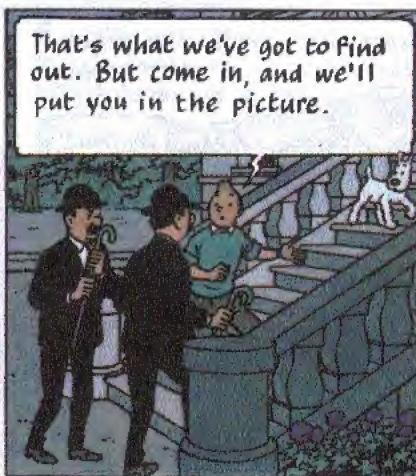
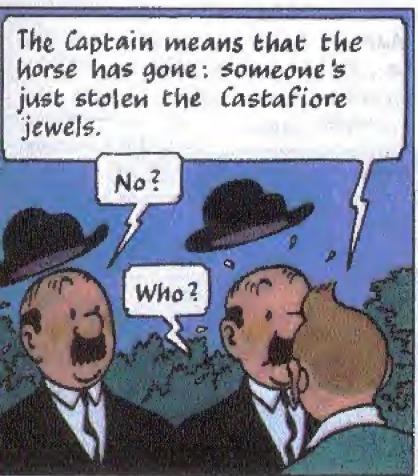
Hello-o-o! I can hear you!











You say the fuses blew... All right... But did you discover that for yourself?

...

It was Nestor who told me, when he came up from the cellar.

Nestor? ... The butler? ... Aha!

Aha!

Nestor, who once worked for those crooks the Bird brothers... A good testimonial!

Anyway, blistering barnacles, Nestor is absolutely honest, and I forbid you to suspect him!

We shall see, we shall see! ... Meanwhile, we'll proceed with the routine questioning.

Very well. Follow me.

Look out, there are cables all over the place.

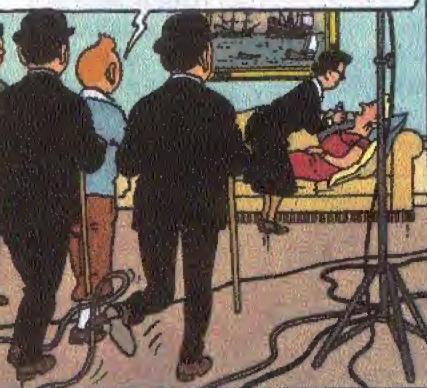
Yes... We know!

Thompson and Thomson, certified detectives.

No one is to leave!



And here's Signora Castafiore. I see she's come round.



Ah, Signora Nightingale, the Milanese Castafiore...

Signora!

Charmed!



Madam, we are here to set light to... er, to throw light on the circumstances surrounding your terrible loss...

To be precise ... er ...

Go on, gentlemen.



Just to clear up one point, madam: where were the jewels usually hocked... I mean locked?

In a drawer in my room, upstairs... Oh my jewels! ... My beautiful jewels! ...

Dead or alive, we shall find them, madam. Leave no stone unturned, that is our policy... Which reminds me: I presume your jewels are fully insured?

Alas, no, gentlemen...

Mr. Swag promised to fix the whole thing up for me ...



Swag? Fix it up? ... Fix what? ... Madam, is this some sort of conspiracy?



No, no gentlemen. Mr. Swag represents an insurance company.

Ah, that's all right... Otherwise...

Yes, otherwise...

Now, your jewels were in a drawer upstairs... Good... Was the drawer locked?

The case?... What case was that, madam?

Why, my jewel case of course, the one I...

Yes, and the key was hidden in a vase. I fetched it from there earlier on, when I took the case out of the drawer.

I... Mamma mia! ... I remember now!

I was sitting here...

There!... There!... What did I tell you?

My jewels! Look! The little darlings!... All here?... Yes!... Oh, I could weep for joy, I'm so pleased to see them!

I really am a feather-brain!... I completely forgot; I'd come downstairs with my jewel-case, when these nice people from television arrived. How too, too hilarious! Ahaha!... What a good laugh!... Don't you agree, gentlemen?

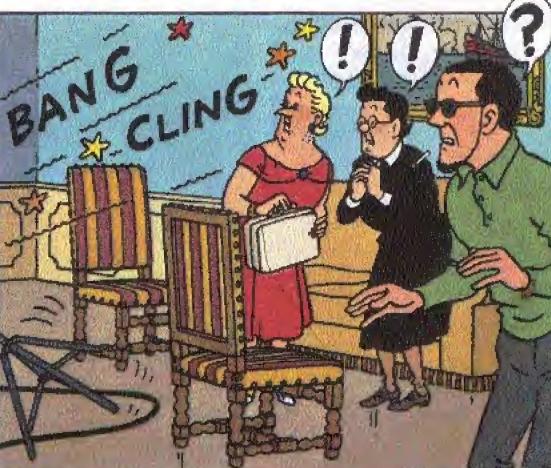
Laugh, madam?... Us, madam?... We are not amused, madam!... Good night!

Quite so; we are not amusing!

What is wrong?... Oh dear, what have I done?... Why are they so cross?

Here, your hats!... And mind the cables!

Thank you, we can manage. ... We've told you before: we're not children!



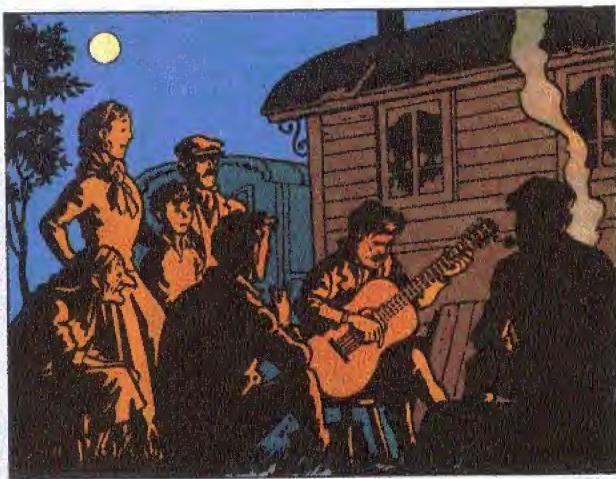
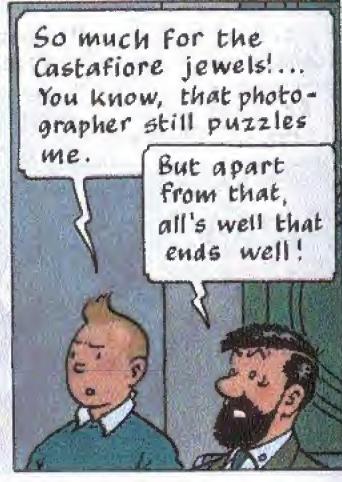
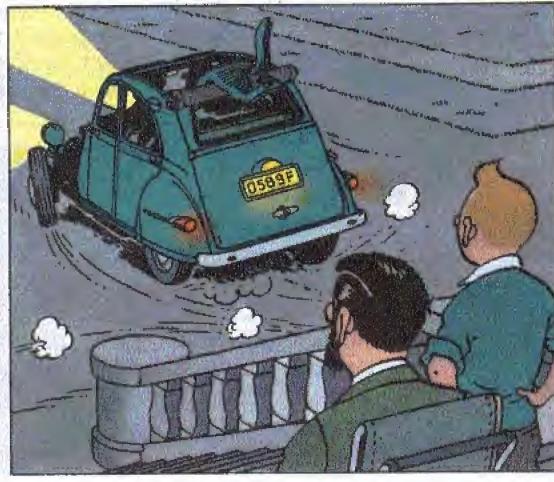
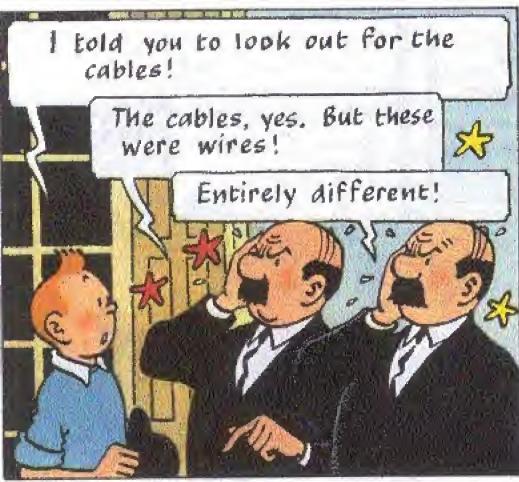
I told you to look out for the cables!

The cables, yes. But these were wires!

Entirely different!

So much for the Castafiore jewels!... You know, that photographer still puzzles me.

But apart from that, all's well that ends well!





I mean... I mean that photograph was taken here by a reporter from the "Tempo", and he got in without a soul knowing!... You let people use this house like a hotel!

What? That photographer...



Yes, that photographer, the one who got away in the dark... Oh, it's too bad! I said to that "Tempo" riff-raff: "You've dared to say that I weigh fourteen stone!... Very well: no more photographs, no more interviews!... You can tell your reporters I never want to see their faces again!"



And now by some diabolical trick they've managed to run a whole Feature!... And all because of you! It's all your fault!

My fault?!...



Of course it is!... If you were more particular about the people who invite themselves in... If you didn't open your door to every Tom, Dick and Harry, this would never have happened!... And you! Wagner! I want a word with you!



So you've come back, Mister Wagner!... Where have you been?... And who gave you permission to go out?... You have work to do, Mr. Wagner; scales, Mr. Wagner!

But...



Silence!... Your playing is careless, Mr. Wagner!... Two wrong notes yesterday!... In future I want to hear you practising all day long. Is that clear?

Yes, signora...
No, signora...
Yes, signora.



And you, Irma!... Have you found your little gold scissors yet?... Obviously not!... What's got into you, girl?



DONG

Yes, you Irma!... And go and see who that is, instead of gawking like an idiot!



Hello, girlie!



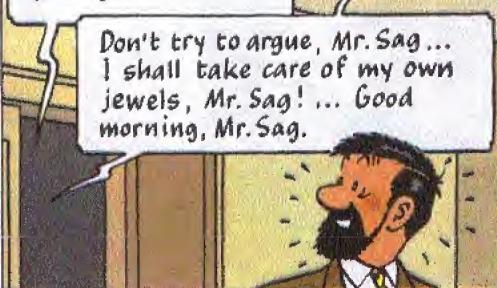
'Morning, Duchess!... How goes it?... All O.K.?... And your hubby-to-be? He all right?... Fine!... Well, here we are: I've brought you a dinky little insurance policy...



I'm so sorry, Mr. Sag!... You're too late!... The early bird catches the worm, Mr. Sag!

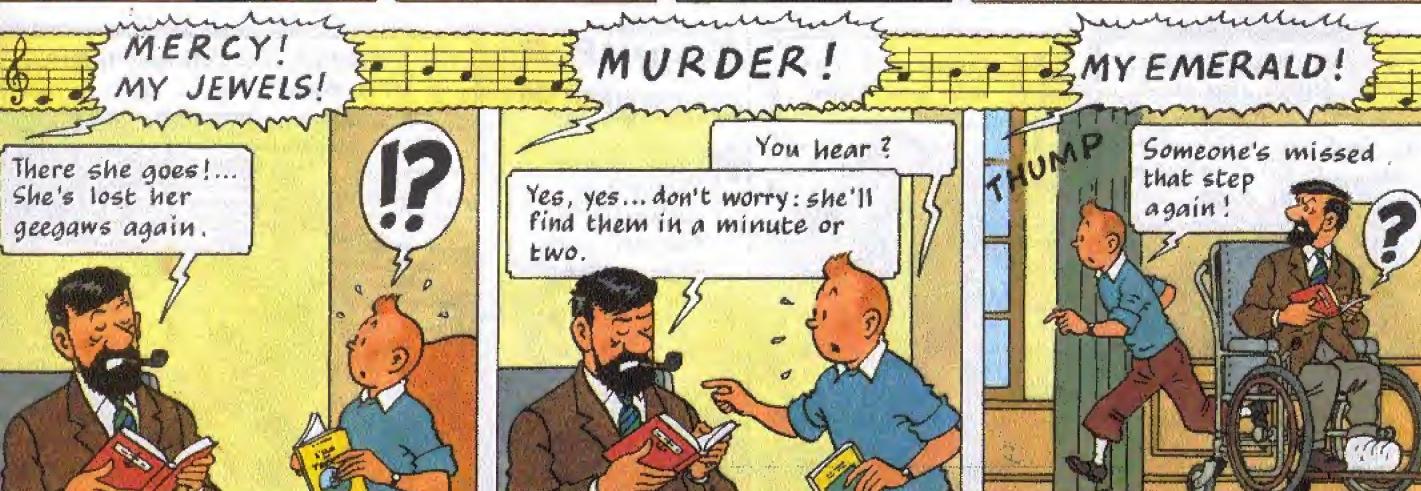
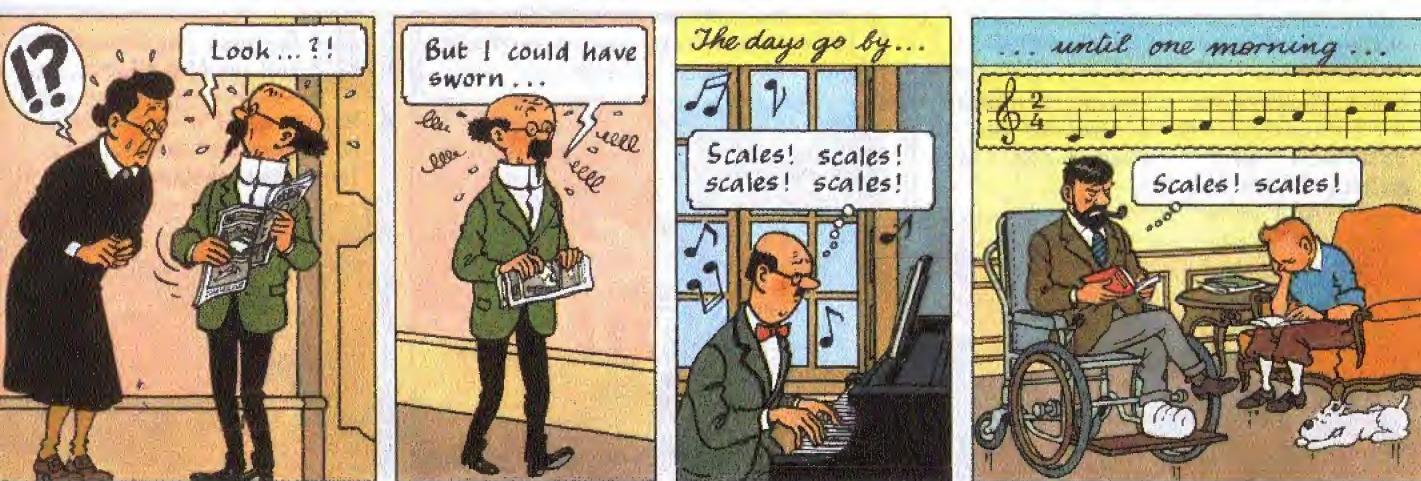
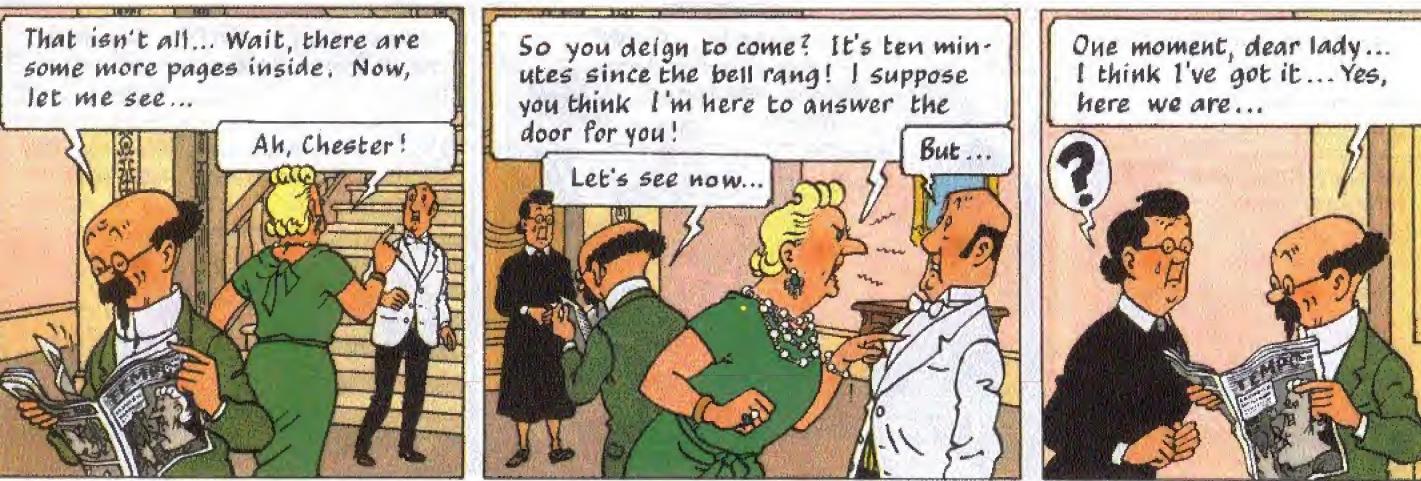
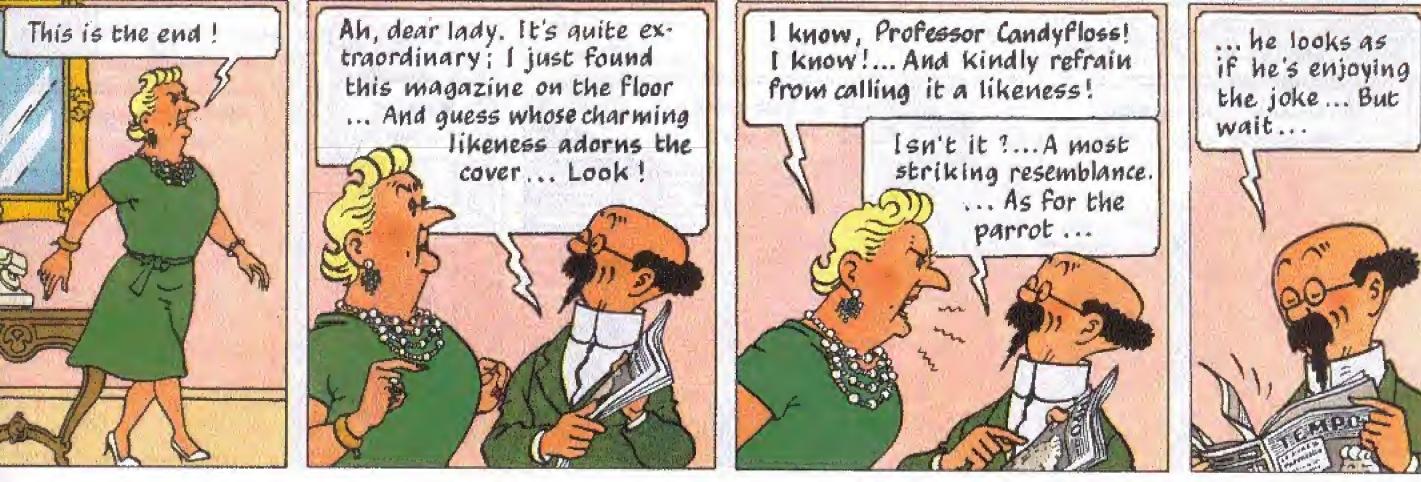
Come offit! You're joking!

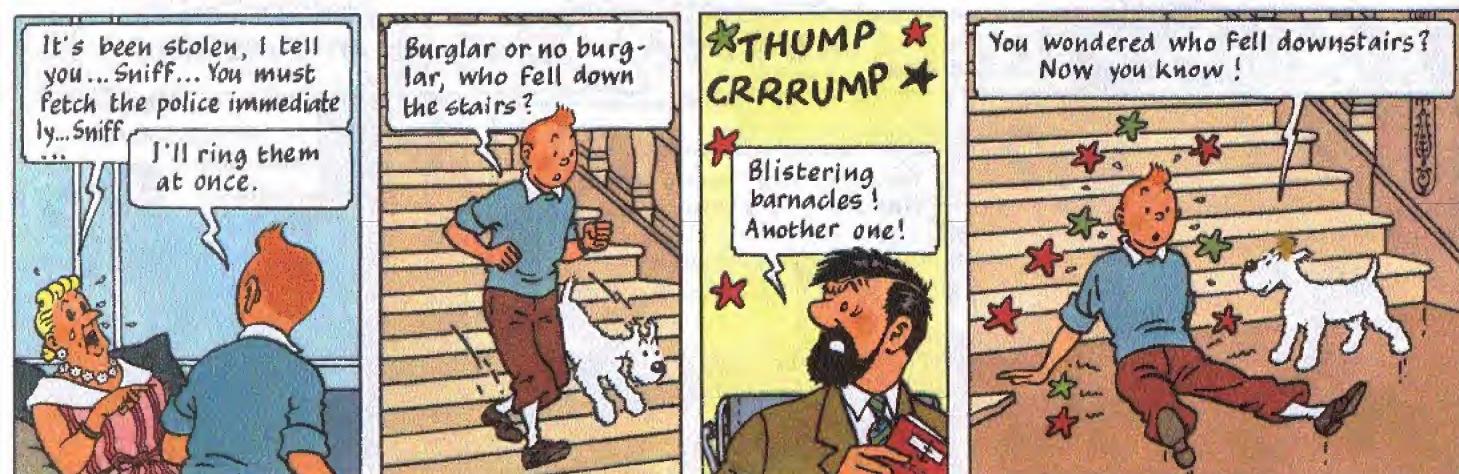
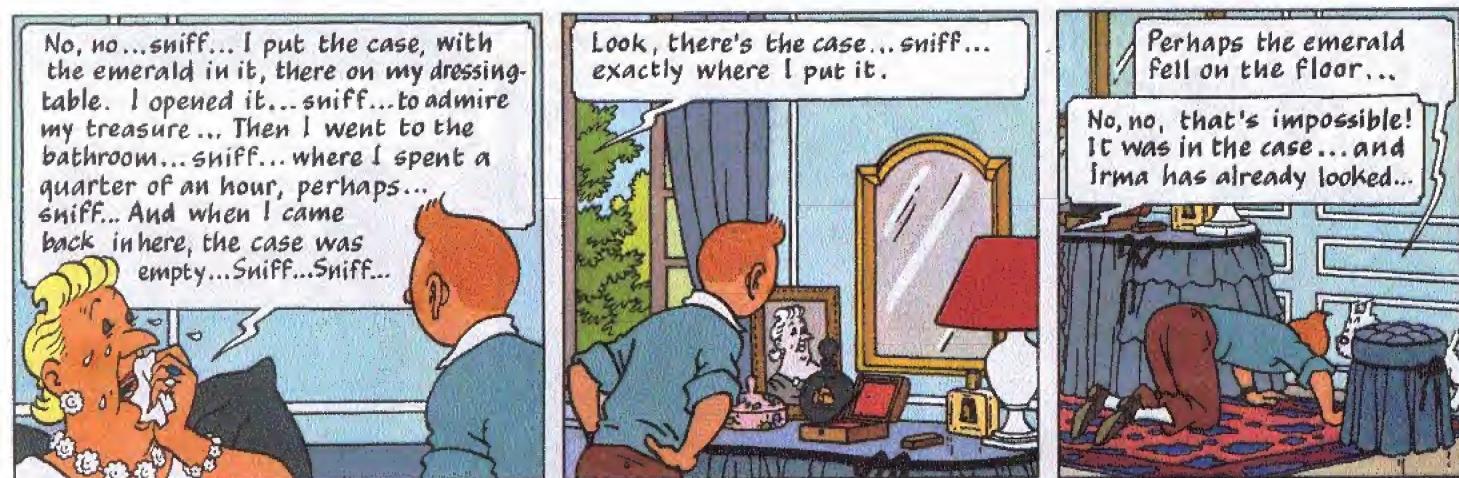
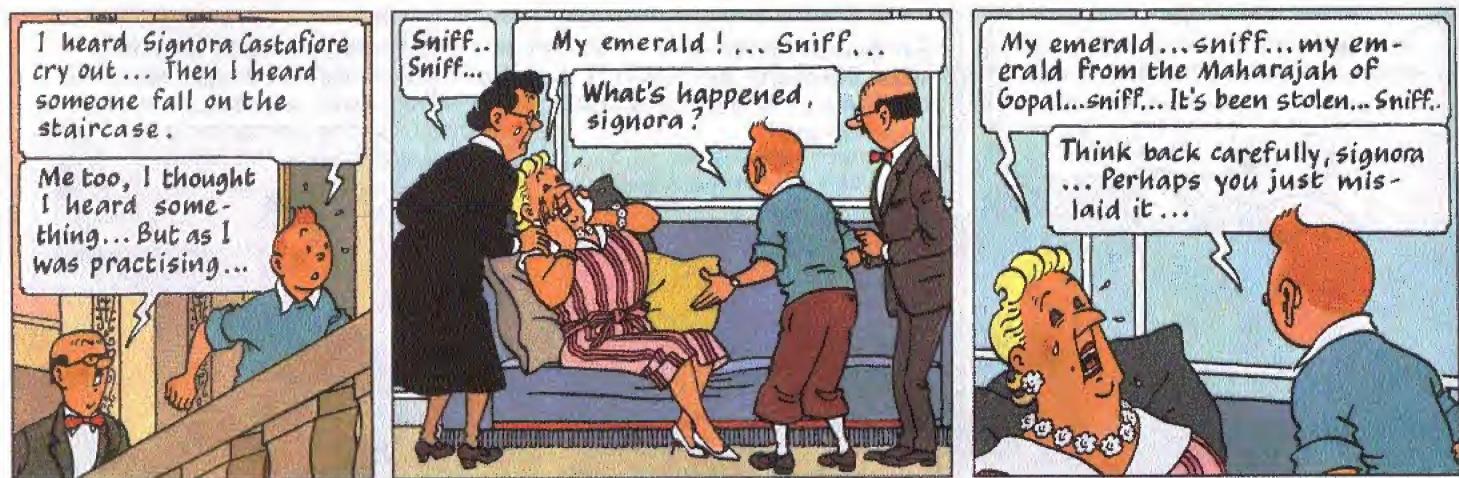
Don't try to argue, Mr. Sag... I shall take care of my own jewels, Mr. Sag!... Good morning, Mr. Sag.

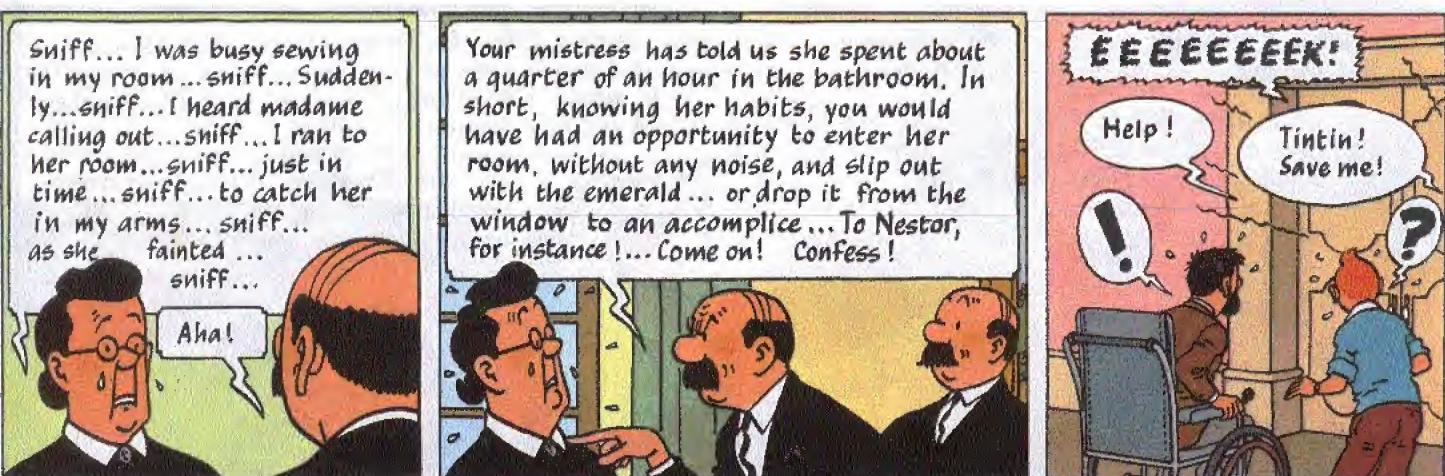
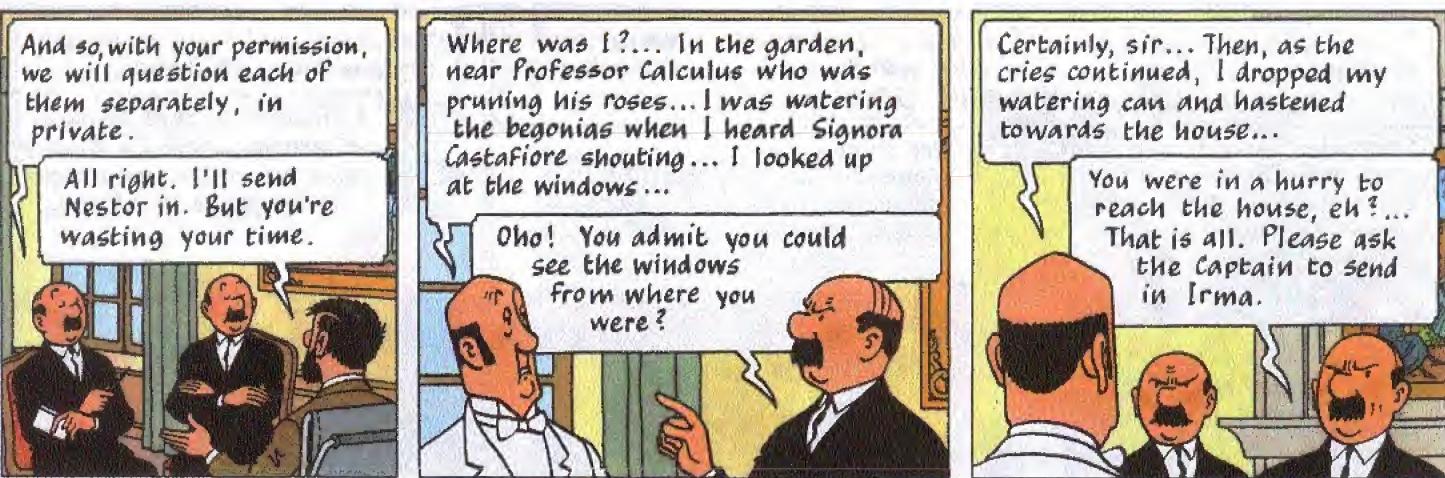
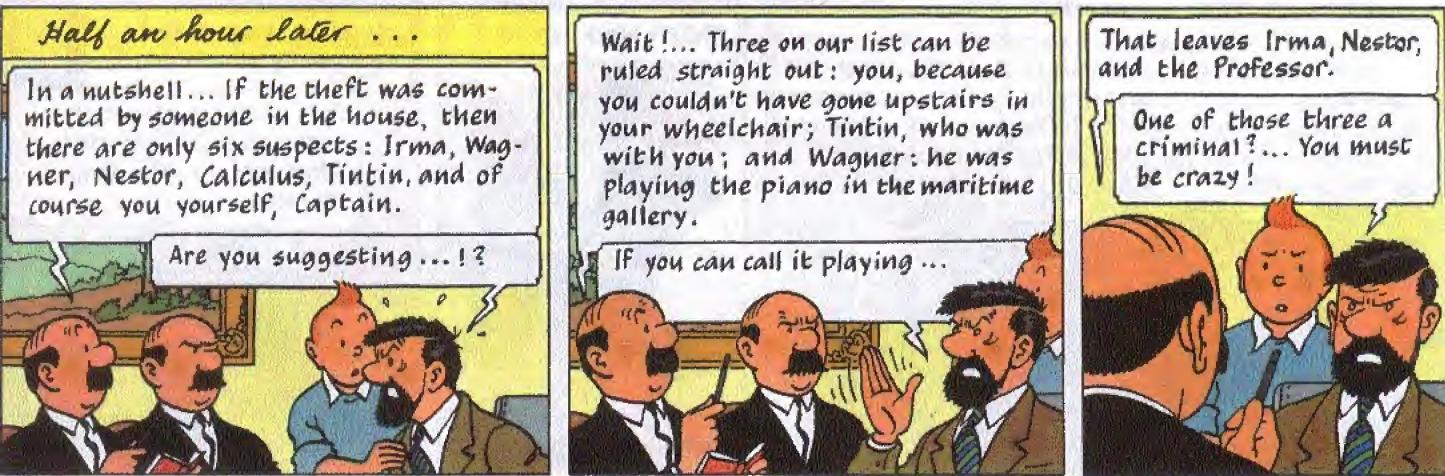


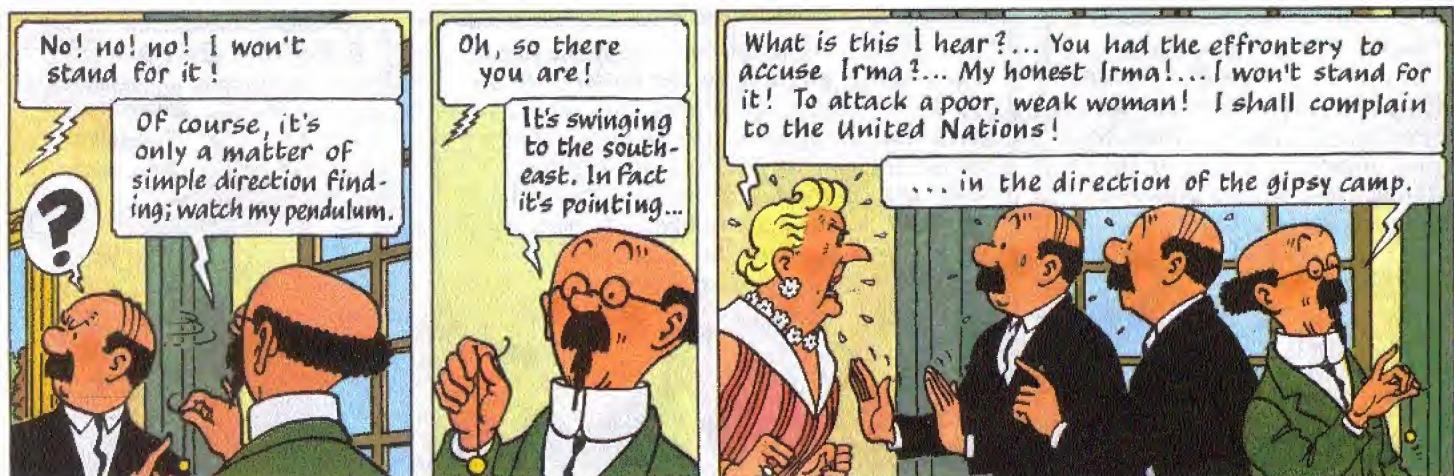
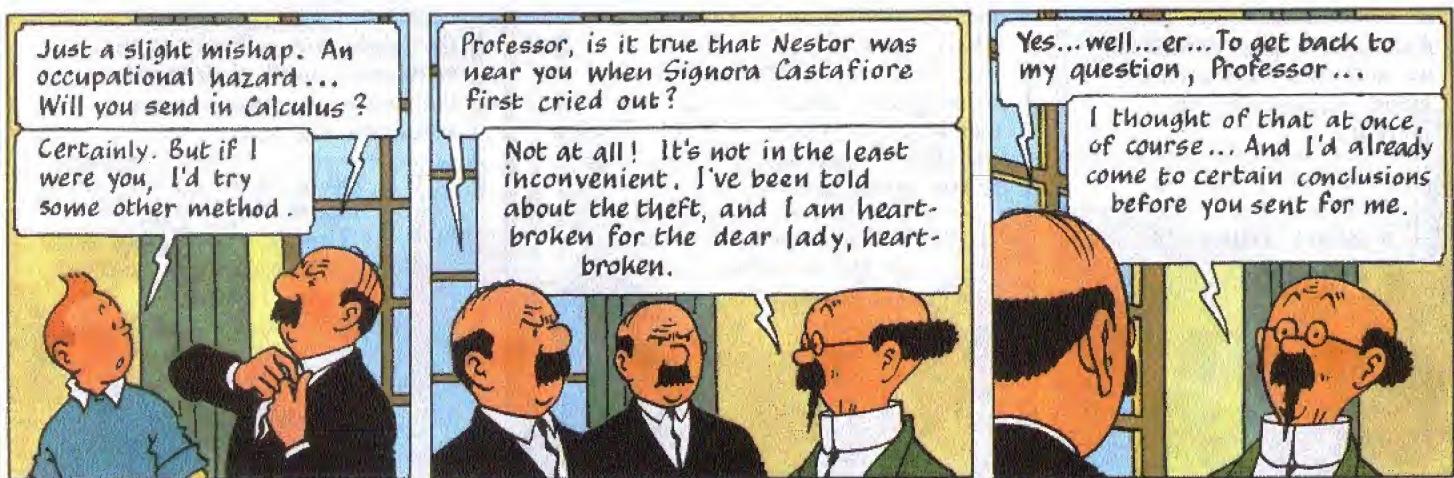
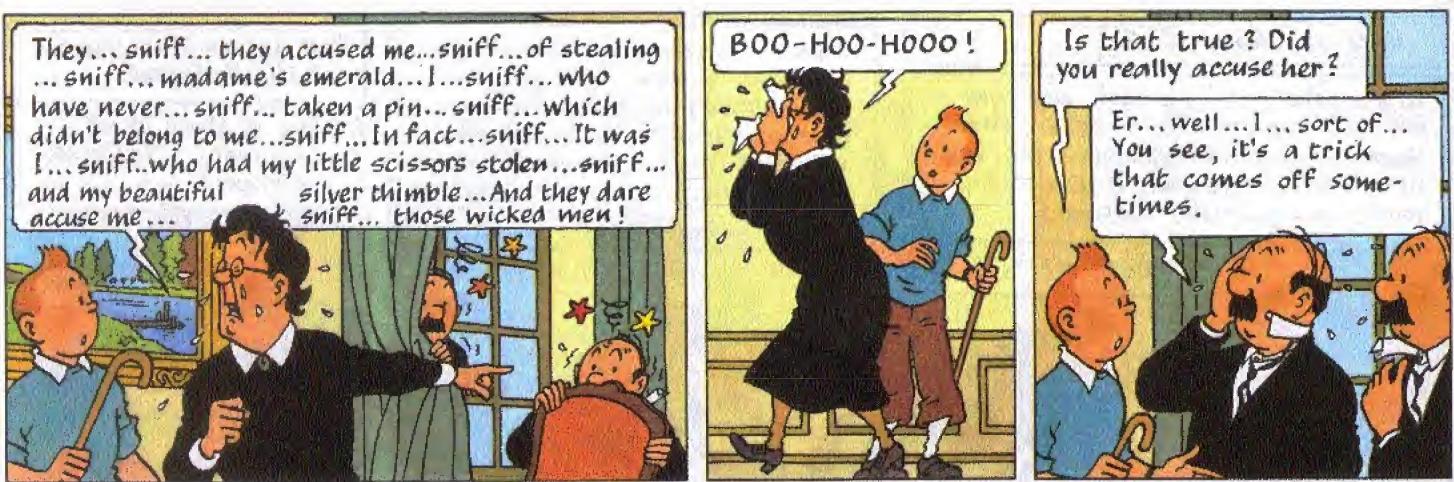
SLAM



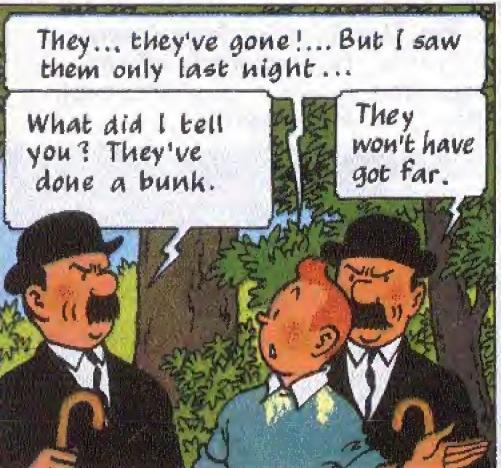
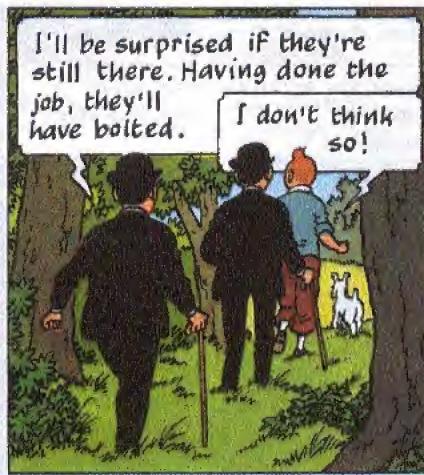
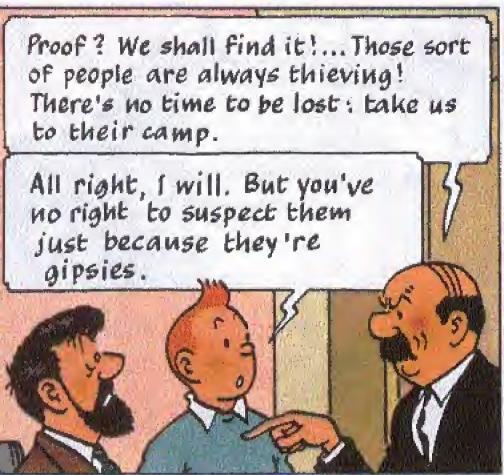
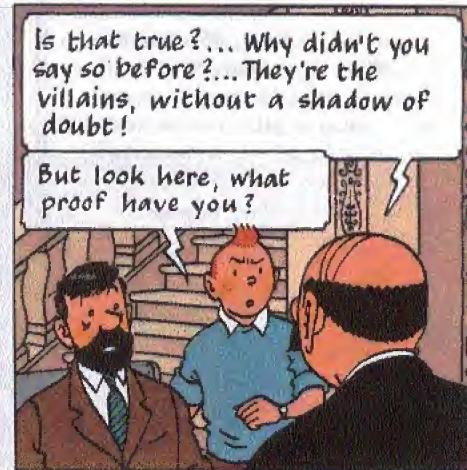
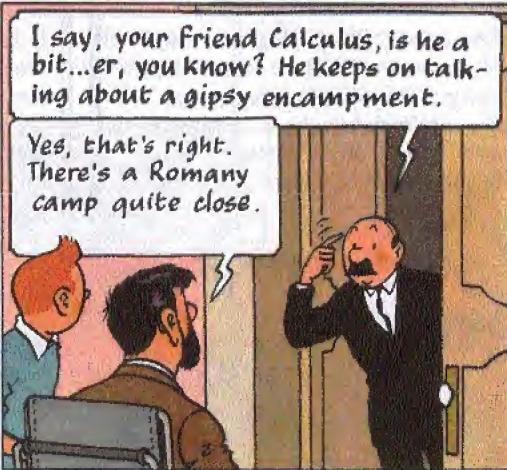
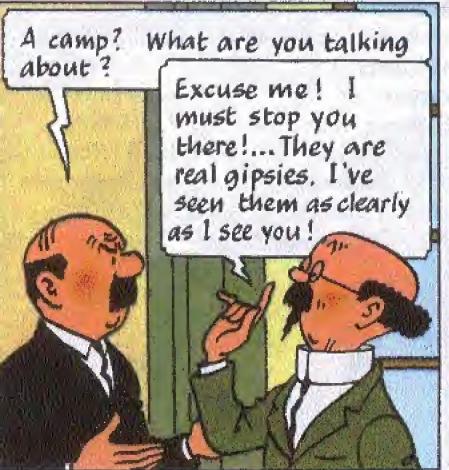
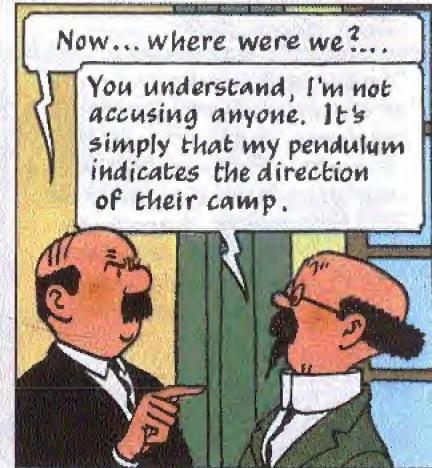
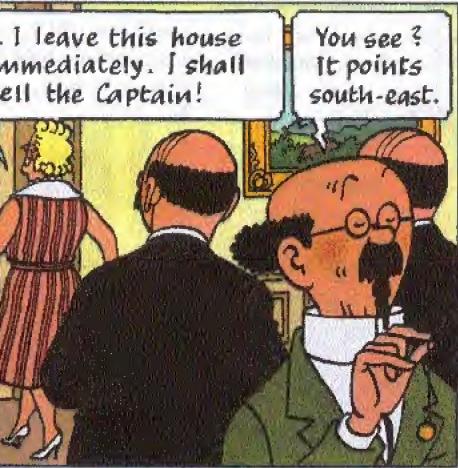






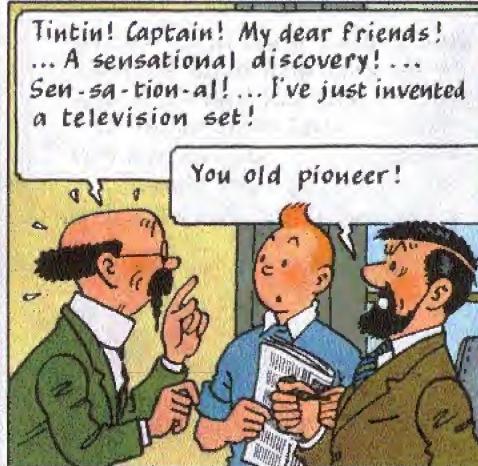


And if Irma gives in her notice, as she may well after such an insult, will you find me a new maid? ... And what about the higher wages the new girl will want: will you pay those? ... I tell you, if you don't apologize to Irma...



Two days later ...

"Investigation into the theft of the Castafiore emerald continues" ... etc. etc... Ah! "The gypsies who were camping near Marlinspike at the time of the robbery have been assisting the police in their inquiries. A headquarters spokesman refused to comment on the affair" ... There!



Colour television, of course! The other day, looking at all those sets, I thought to myself: what a pity the pictures are only in black and white!

You know, someone has already ...

Not at all, it's just a question of know-how. Now listen carefully... The people you see on the little screen are in black and white, aren't they? But in the studio? ... What about that?

The studio? Er...

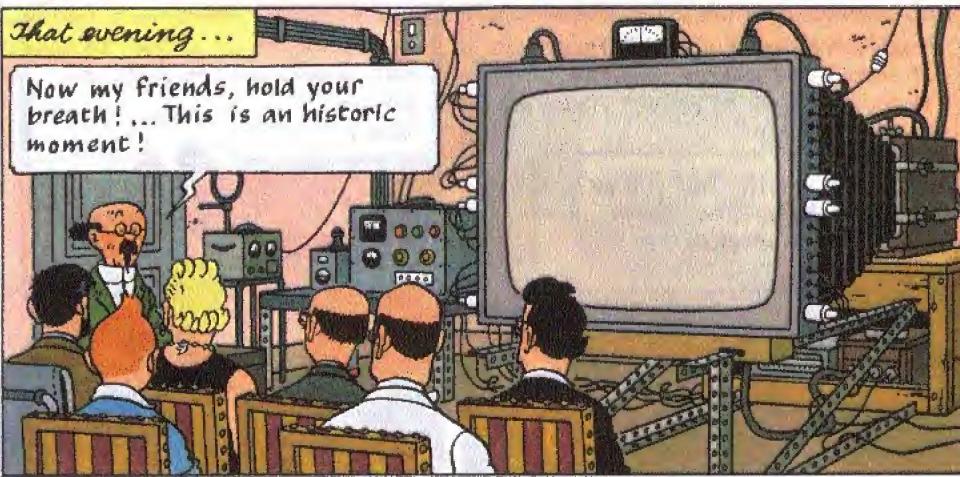
I don't need to tell you... In the studio the subjects are all in colour... Well, the purpose of my apparatus is to restore those colours! ... How? ... How? ... Well, roughly speaking, by colour filters inserted between an ordinary television set and a special screen. I call it "Super-Calcacolor".

But that's brilliant!

You think so? ... In all modesty I must say my own comment would be: brilliant! But you shall judge my invention for yourselves. Tonight they have that famous programme "Scanorama"... Will you join me?

That evening ...

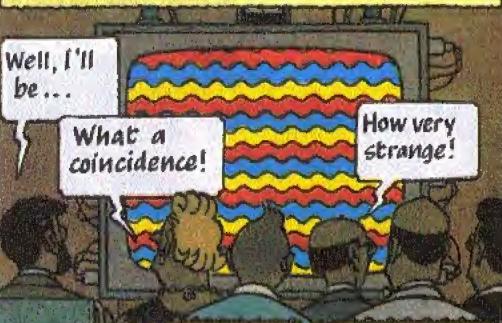
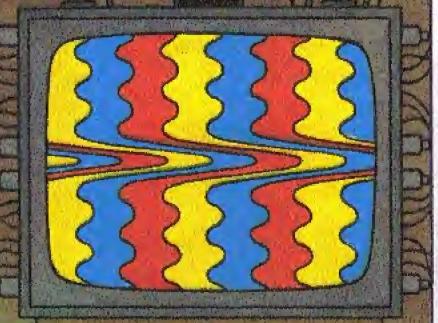
Now my friends, hold your breath! ... This is an historic moment!



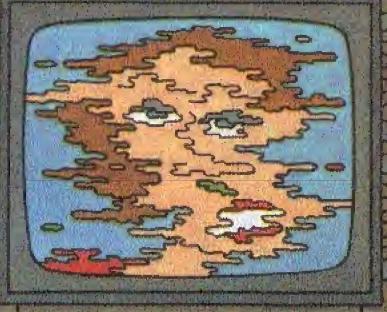
♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪
Tonight... BING... Scanorama...
BONG... your look at life... DONG

...brings the big news of three continents to your Fireside. Our roving cameras give you a close-up of...

...the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szohod, the secret life of the Abominable Snowman, and the jewel robbery at Marlinspike ...



At the 21st Taschist Party Congress at Szohód, Marshal Kürvi-Tasch, in an exceptionally violent speech...



The picture isn't absolutely clear, but I can adjust it ...



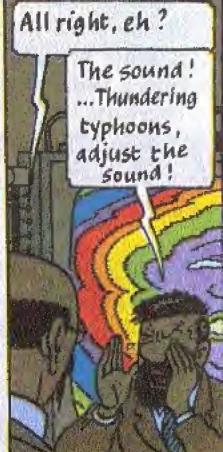
DIGADOG DAGADIGADUG DOGODOGDOG
DAGODAGODAGODUG DIGADIGDUG

That's better, isn't it?



All right, eh?

The sound! ...Thundering typhoons, adjust the sound!



Oh dear! ... A valve has gone! ... It won't take long to replace ...

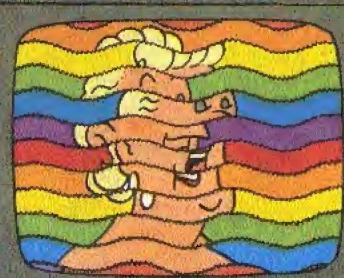


Ten minutes later ...

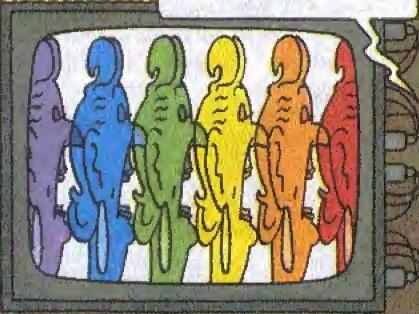
There! That's done it!



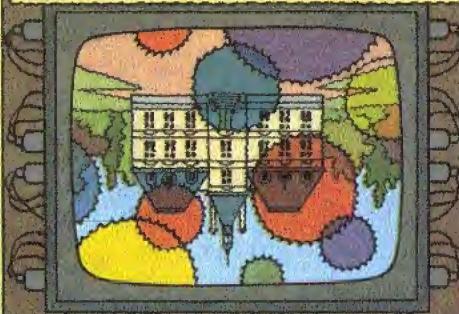
...summary of the facts. As you know, the famous Italian singer Bianca Castafiore is staying in this country...



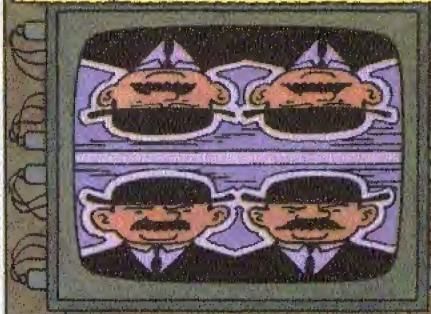
Ah, my beauty past compare
Is that me? Oh, how horrible!



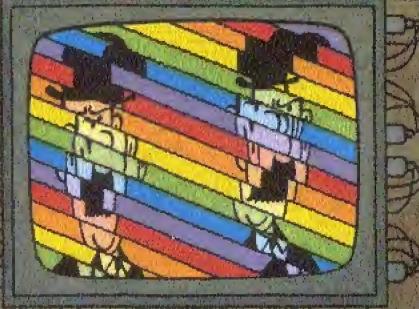
At historic Marlinspike Hall, the prima donna was the victim of a daring robbery. A magnificent emerald vanished ... mysteriously!



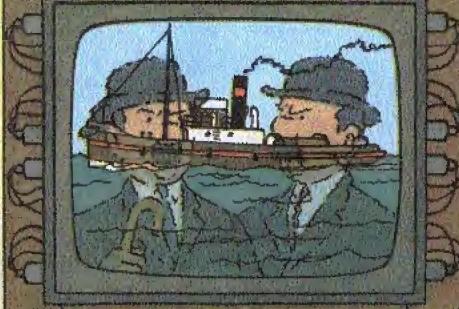
Today a Scanorama reporter went down to Marlinspike and spoke to the officers in charge of the case. Over to Thompson and Thomson ...



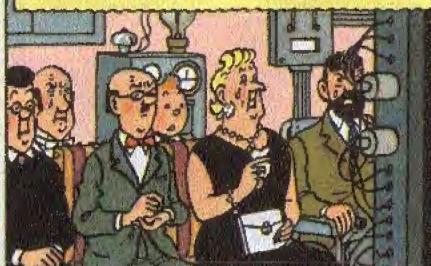
No, our lips are sealed. We can't tell you whom we suspect, but it isn't anyone in the house. Mum's the word, you know.



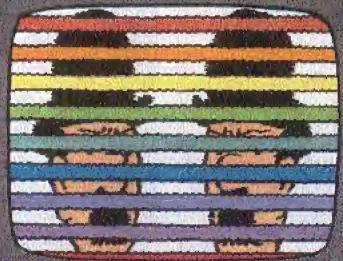
Yes, dumb's the word, that's our motto. So we're not allowed to tell you about the gipsies, though we suspected them from the start...



Especially after they left their camp, the morning after the robbery. But we soon ran them to earth, and then when we searched their caravans we made a startling discovery!



Not only did we discover a pair of scissors belonging to Signora Castafiore's maid, but in one of their caravans...

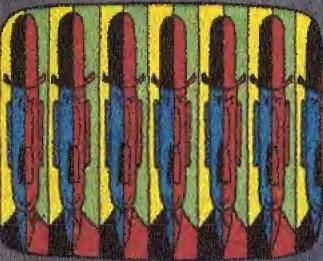


...we found a messed-up flunkey...er...a dressed-up monkey. Obviously, the emerald could only have been stolen by a man climbing the wall: in fact, a man of remarkable agility...And that man has been found: the monkey!

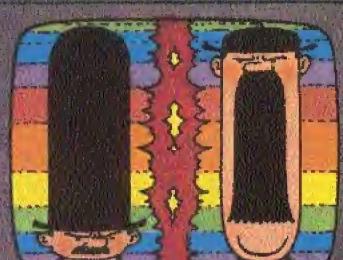
Of course the whole bunch...



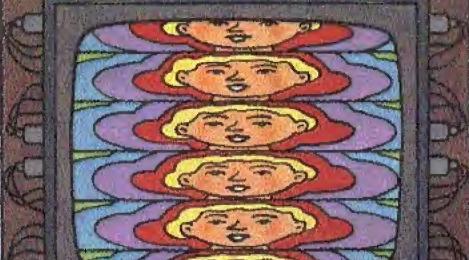
...denied it furiously. The scissors had been 'found' by a little girl. As for the monkey, he'd never been out of his cage.



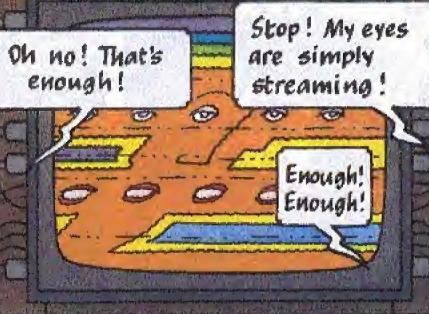
So that's how things stand... but we're keeping it under our hats, of course. All we have to do now is recover the emerald...



And for a couple of master-minds like you, gentlemen, that will be child's play...Thank you for putting us so clearly in the picture.



Now we turn from the excitement and suspense of a police investigation to another burning topic that is hitting today's headlines...



Naturally, it isn't entirely perfect yet, but...

My eyeballs are doing the shimmy!

I'm seeing six of everything!

Me too!



The next morning...

Poor gipsies!... I'm still convinced they're innocent... I've had another look at the wall: even a monkey climbing would have left some trace, but there wasn't a sign. What then?



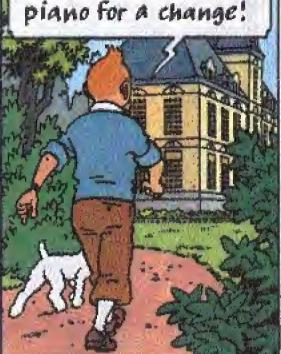
Hello! There's Mr. Wagner going into the village, on Nestor's old bike.

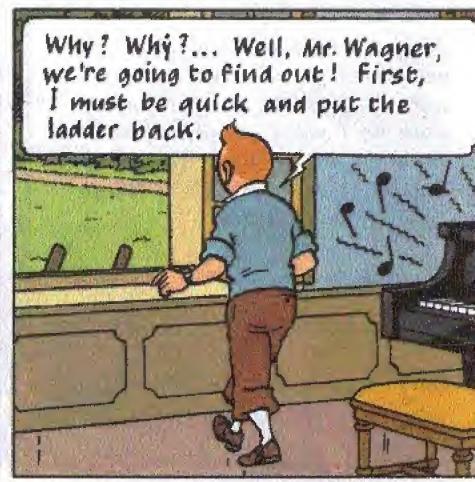
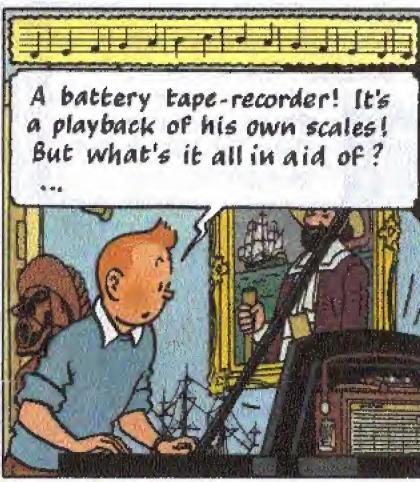
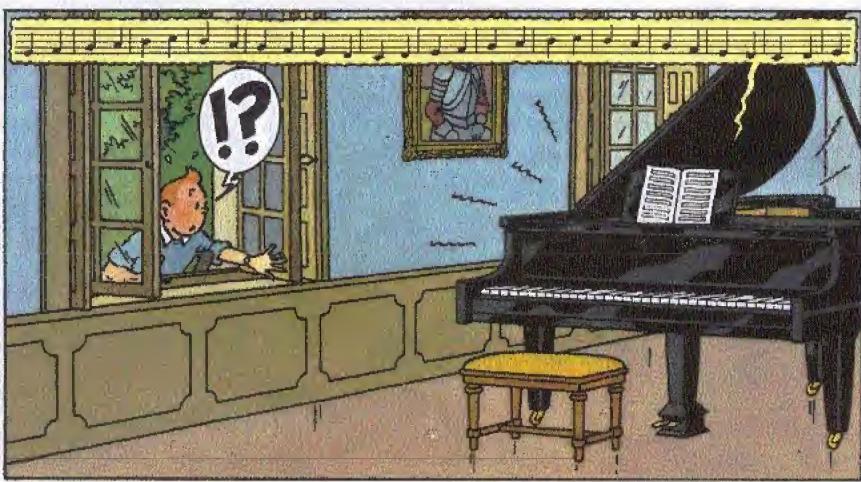
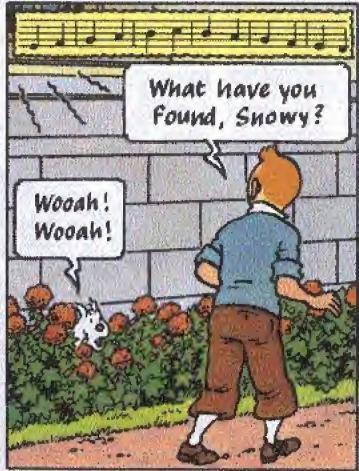


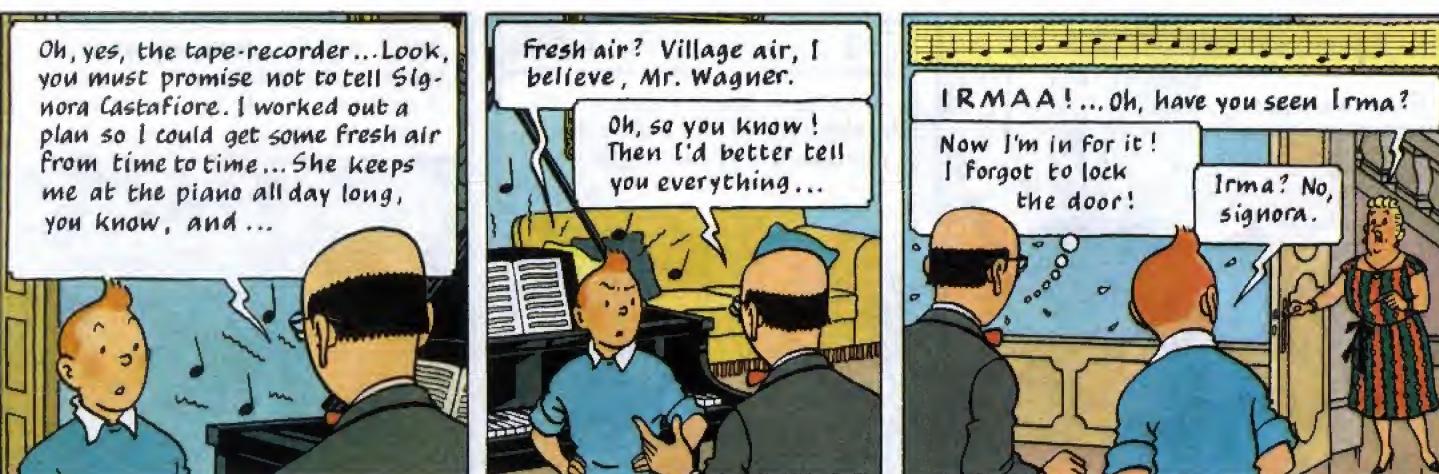
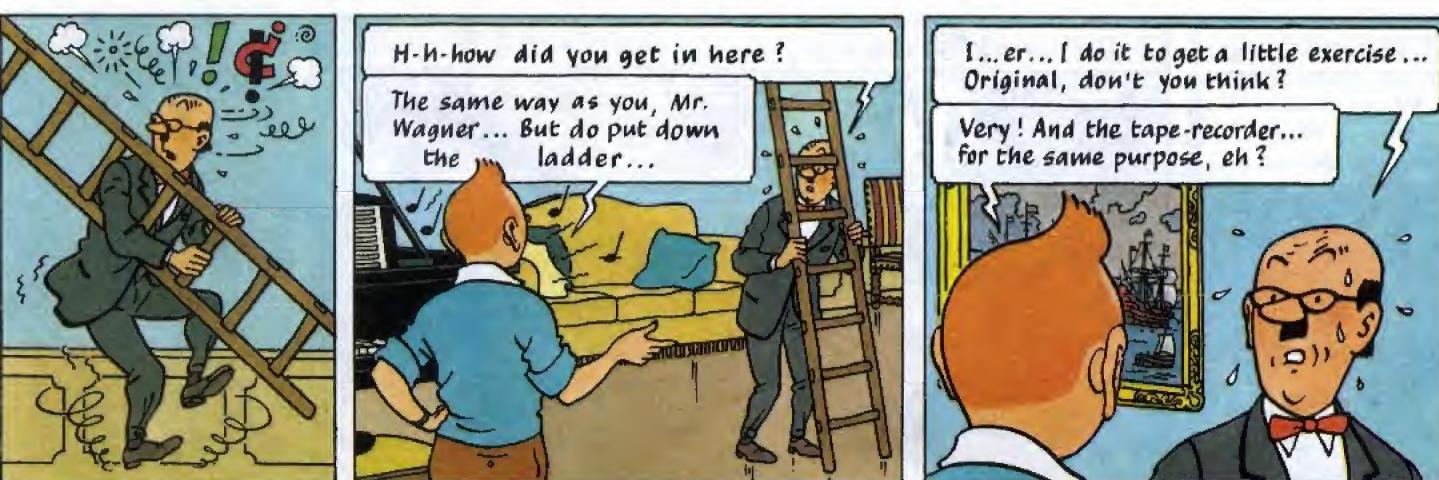
He must have got permission to leave his piano. Now's our chance, Snowy...



We'll go back indoors... and we'll be spared that piano for a change!





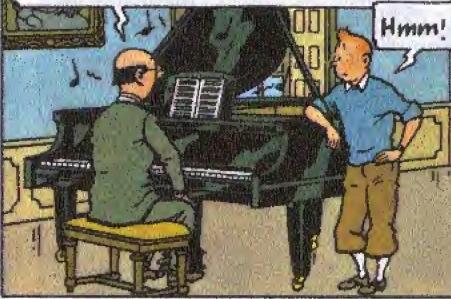


Thanks... But why did you save me from her?

I wanted to get you alone... Now, sit down at the piano: it's safer... Then talk!



All right!... I'll tell you everything. It's the horses... I'm a gambler, you see. I go to the village every day to telephone my bets...



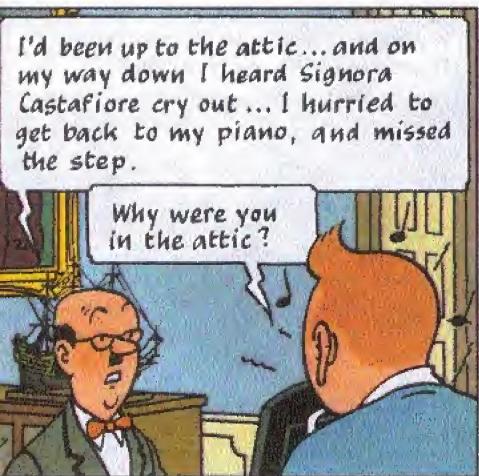
Is that so?... Still, you weren't in the village when the emerald was stolen... when some unknown person fell down the stairs... It was you, wasn't it?

Yes, it was I.



I'd been up to the attic... and on my way down I heard Signora Castafiore cry out... I hurried to get back to my piano, and missed the step.

Why were you in the attic?

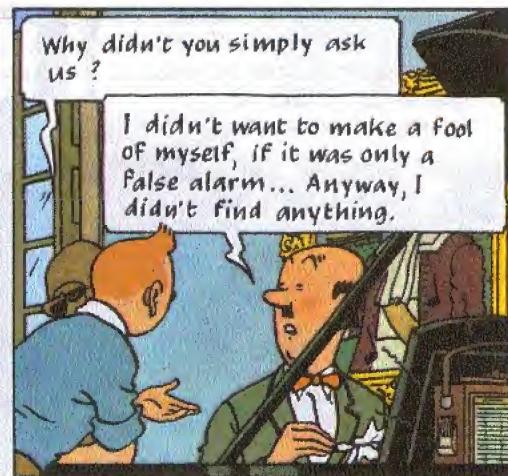


Well, on a number of evenings I thought I heard someone walking about up there... at dusk... like the signora did on the night we arrived. In the end I decided to get to the bottom of it...



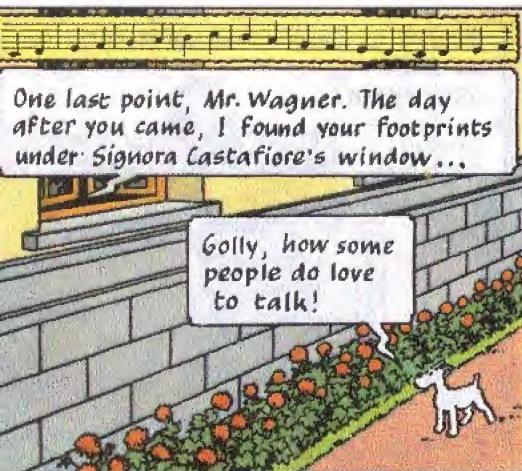
Why didn't you simply ask us?

I didn't want to make a fool of myself, if it was only a false alarm... Anyway, I didn't find anything.



One last point, Mr. Wagner. The day after you came, I found your footprints under Signora Castafiore's window...

Golly, how some people do love to talk!

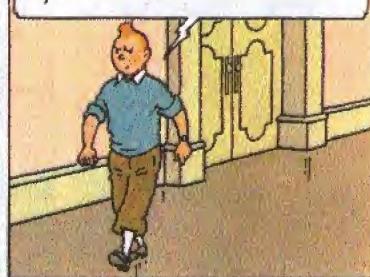


Yes... it's quite possible. After that incident during the night I went round there, to make sure no one could have climbed the ivy.

Good... That's all the explanation I need.



No, I don't think Wagner stole the emerald: he seems to be telling the truth.. Well, now I've got to find the real culprit !



In any case, I'll visit the attic tonight. We must follow every lead... Coming, Snowy?

Ah... at last!



At nightfall...



I say, Tintin, how long must we stay here?

Ssh, Snowy!
Listen ...



Pooh! It's only a rat, or a mouse.
Shall I catch it?

Ssh!

Oh!... Look over there!... An old owl; he must roost up here!



There's the "monster" who paces the attic, and frightened Signora Castafiore when he looked in her window!



TU - WHOO



We can go down now, Snowy.
There's nothing more up here.



Just another false trail.



Why, Captain!
You're better! How wonderful!



You've no idea how good it feels to be standing on my own two feet again!

Careful!
Don't lean...



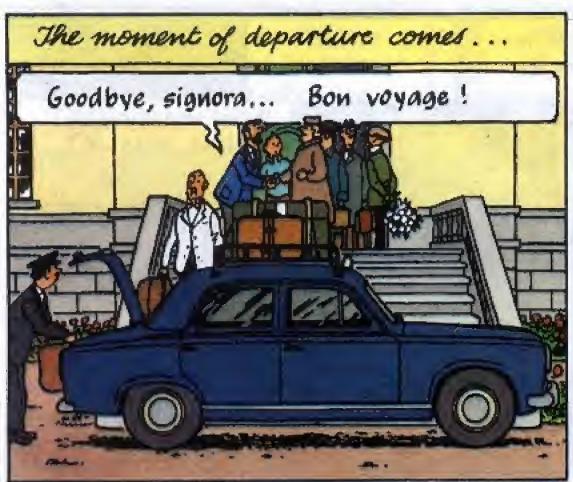
... on that!



See you soon, doctor!

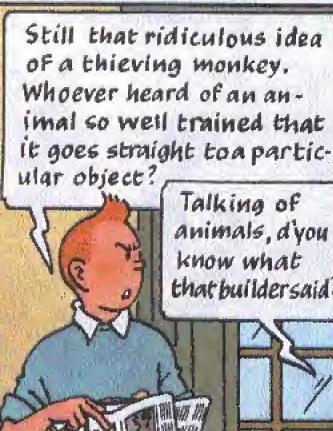








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Nightingale with a Broken Heart

MILAN, TUESDAY

'Triumph... superlative... sublime... unforgettable,' proclaims the Italian press. At La Scala last night the divine Castafiore bid farewell to Europe. An ecstatic audience acclaimed her overwhelming performance in Rossini's LA GAZZA LADRA.

Time and again a delirious house recalled their idol. Fifteen curtains! Bravo! Bravissimo! But can the plaudits of admirers mend a broken heart? For the nightingale still mourns the loss of her most precious jewel.

And have we heard the last of the Castafiore emerald? Not so. Police investigations continue in the Marlinspike area. Was a monkey used to spirit away the jewel, magnificent gift of the Maharajah of Gopal? No comment, say detectives, but suspicion weighs heavily upon local gypsies. And still no sign of the emerald.

From Italy, the Milanese nightingale wings her way tonight

I wonder what's got into him?

Tell me, Captain, is there any message you'd like to send to Signora Castafiore?

A message?... Me?... For Castafiore?

No, a message!... I forgot to tell you, I'm leaving today for Milan: I'm going there to demonstrate my Super-Calcacolor to the International Television Congress. Naturally, I shall call upon our charming friend.

Oh? Well, tell her whatever you like: but for pity's sake, don't invite her back to Marlinspike!

That's very kind: I'll tell her. She'll certainly be touched by your invitation...

Captain! Captain!

Now what?... Has he set the house on fire?

Is there a woodman anywhere near?

A woodman?... Yes, Charlie Sawyer, in the village... But why?

Thanks!... Oh, I almost forgot... Ring up the Thompsons... Tell them to come here as soon as possible: about the emerald.

About the emerald?... What?...

Later!... And remember to telephone, won't you?

But Tintin, look here...



Half an hour later...

We've only come as a special flavour... er, savour... er, well, so far as we're concerned, there's absolutely nothing Tintin can add to the case. Once and for all, the job was done by the gypsies, with the help of their monkey.

It's as clear as day to us, eh Thompson?

To be precise: dear as clay. That's my opinion and I'm stuck with it!

There's only one thing Tintin can tell us: where the emerald is hidden.

And if you'll come with me, gentlemen, I will do precisely that!

You?! No?! Yes?!

You've discovered where
the gipsies have hidden
the emerald?

The gipsies haven't
hidden anything.

Look up there... That's where you'll find the
key to the whole mystery!

There?

Up
where?

Yes, where
up there?

Up there, in that poplar...

That poplar?... All I can
see is a nest.

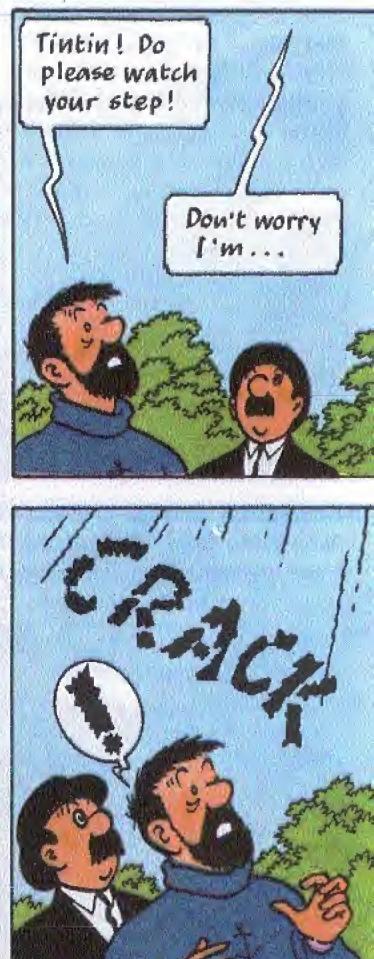
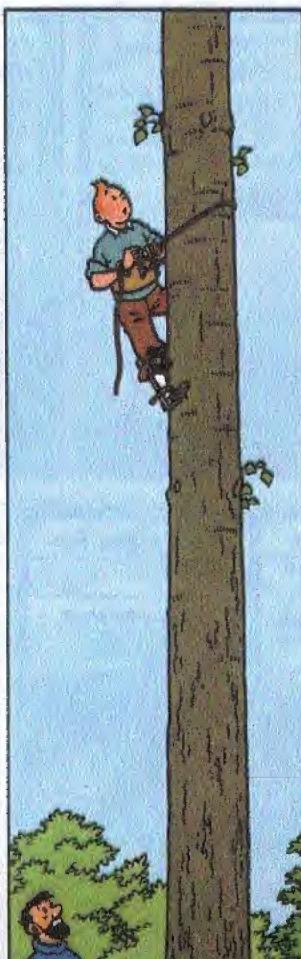
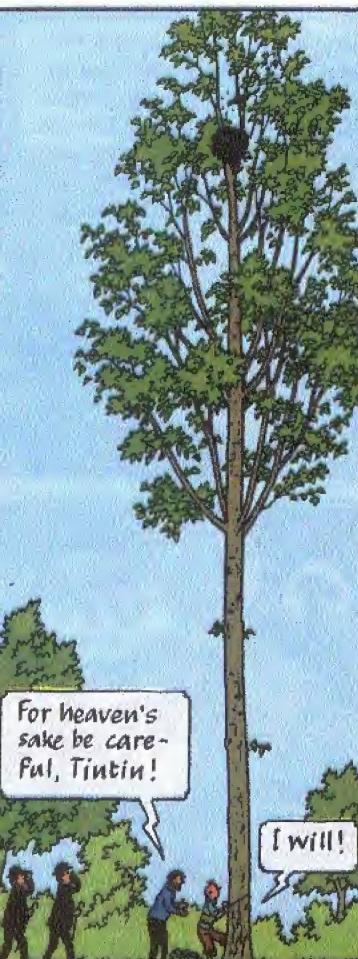
Yes, but it's a magpie's nest,
Captain.

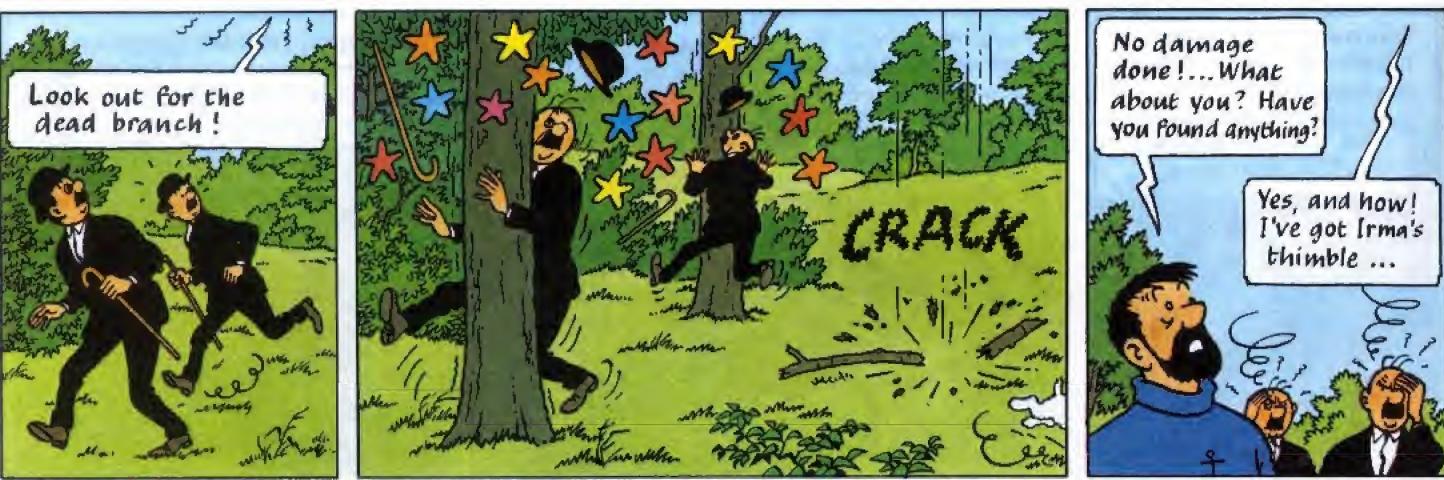
What? You
mean to say...

That a magpie stole the
emerald: yes, I'd bet
my life on it.

Exactly!

Thundering typhoons! And you
borrowed that kit from old
man Sawyer to climb up to
the nest...





What are you doing ?

It's...er...it's the... It's the emerald... it fell on the grass... and the grass is green...

As green as grass !

That's rich!... Yes, that's rich!... Oh, it's marvellous!

It could happen to anybody ...

Wooah! Wooah!
Here's your
brandy-ball!



A few minutes later ...

Goodbye, my friends. I'm just off... Is there any message for Signora Castafiore?

Yes, indeed!



Wonderful news! You can tell her that her emerald has been found ... by Tintin!

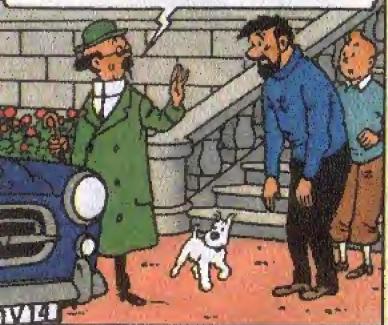
Oh no! I'm flying: it's so much quicker.



I said the Castafiore emerald has been found! The em-er-ald!
THE EMERALD !!



Certainly not... I never do ... I make it a point of honour to declare everything at the customs... Goodbye.



It's all right, Captain... Calm down! All we have to do is to send a telegram to Signora Castafiore.

I won't forget to give her your invitation...



We're off now... taking the mule to Japan...er, making the gruel...faking the jewel... Anyway, goodbye, Captain.

Goodbye!
Goodbye!

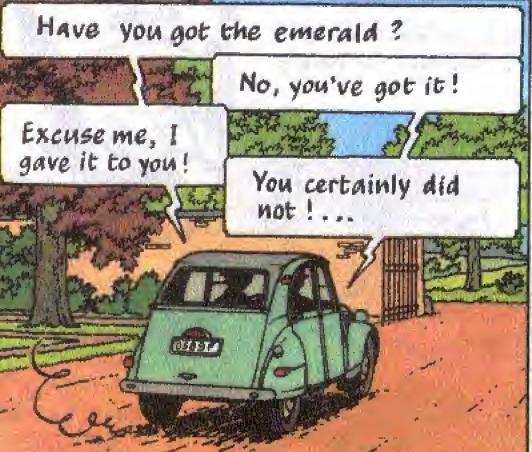


Have you got the emerald ?

No, you've got it !

Excuse me, I gave it to you!

You certainly did not ! ...



Next morning ...

What a glorious walk... Not a cloud in the sky!
... Perfect peace! ... Wonderful!...



Ah, there you are! Look here!

Why?... What's happened?
... Don't tell me SHE'S come back!



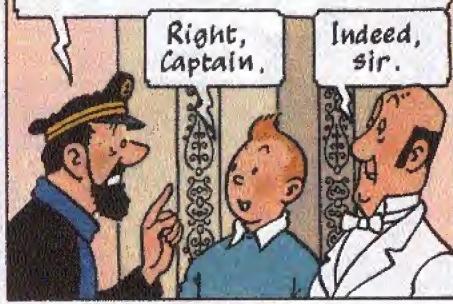
Look! Mr. Bolt has been to mend the step.



That's wonderful!... Ah, he's put a board across it: to give the mortar time to set. I expect he warned you.



Maybe, but I'm just mentioning it for your own good. You can't be too careful. For heaven's sake, remember: don't put your foot on that step!



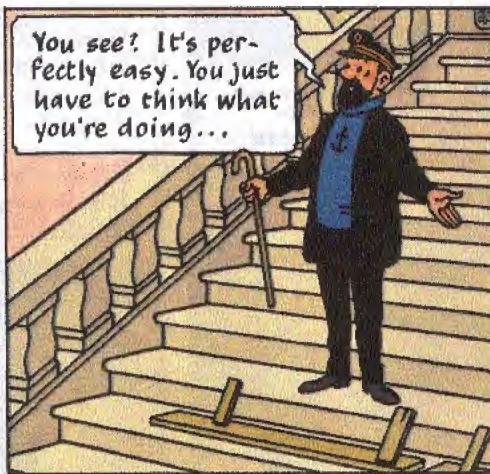
For the next few days you must step over... like tha-a-at! You understand?

Yes, Captain.

Very good, sir.



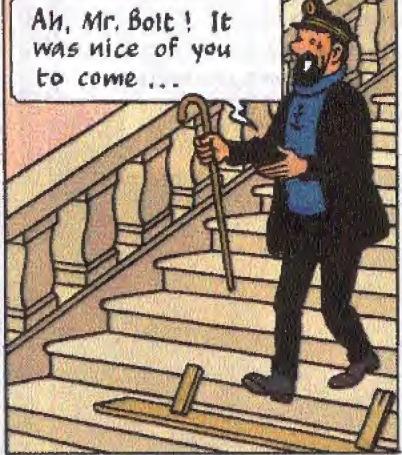
You see? It's perfectly easy. You just have to think what you're doing...



It's me again... I forgot to tell you...



Ah, Mr. Bolt! It was nice of you to come...



TU-WHOO



That's a real shame! I just popped back to say, wait a day or two before using that step... Too bad: a lovely bit of marble, that was!

